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SACRED POETRY.

Ever faithfully Yours
John Bowring

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A Memorial Volume

OF

SACRED POETRY,

BY THE LATE

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

By LADY BOWRING.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER.
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Preface to Memorial Volume	xiii
Memoir of the late Sir John Bowring	xvii
Matter and Mind	1
The Divine Apocalypse	3
Rejoice with Trembling	4
Heaven the Christian's Home	4
Upward	5
Changes wrought by Time	6
The House of God	6
The Truth	7
Hymn	8
Mourn not as those without Hope	9
Peace	10
Unchanging Changes	11
Christian Unity	12
The Reign of Law	12
God our Strength	13
Scriptural Hymn	14
Thy Kingdom come	15
What is Truth?	16
Confidence in God	16
Christian Hopes	17
Looking Upward	18
To a Mother on the Death of a Child	19

PAGE

Dedicatory Hymn 20
The Tide of Tendency 21
The Lord's Prayer 22
Blessings 22
The Beauties of Creation 23
God Everywhere 24
Introspection 24
Slavery 25
Look on the Bright Side 26
The Innocence of Infancy 27
The Dawning of the Day 28
Pleasures of Memory 29
Divine Influence 29
Thy Will be done 30
The Blessed Dead 30
The Future of Mankind 32
Truth in Progress 34
The Light of the Spirit 35
Brotherly Love 35
Hymn 37
Ohne hast und ohne Rast 38
Laborare est orare 39
Where? When? How?. 40
The Teachings of God in Nature 40
Gospel Teachings 42
Elevated Aims 42
Adam's Fall 43
Omnipotence 44
Inquiries 44
The Restless Sea 45
Chivalry 46
Brotherhood of Humanity 46
The Life of Christ 47
Forgive as we hope to be forgiven 48
Evils of Ignorance 48
Hopes of Futurity 49
Doing Good 49

PAGE

Unity of God 50
Scepticism 51
The Bible 52
Confidence 52
Eternal Punishment 53
The Good Samaritan 53
Buddhism 56
Resurrection 56
Faith, Hope, Charity 57
Forgiveness 58
Confidence in God 59
Man's Destiny 60
Resurrection 61
Salvation 62
Aspiration after higher Truth 63
Joy after Sorrow 64
God's Paternal Care 65
Evening Praises 66
Jesus teaching the People 66
Hymn 67
Perpetual Praise 68
Divine Influences 69
Hymn 71
Hymn 72
Hymn 73
Hymn 75
Mysteries of Providence 76
Communion 77
Hymn to the Deity 78
Progress of Gospel Truth 79
Hymn 80
Hymn 81
Hymn 82
Trust in God 83
God near in Sorrow 84
Sleep 84
What is our Duty here 85

PAGE

Evening 86
The Greatest of all is Charity 86
Jesus lives 87
God ever Near 89
Prayer for Guidance 89
Trust in God 90
Miserere Me 91
Morning 92
Evening 93
Funeral Hymn 94
Hymn 96
Toleration 97
Hymn 97
They are risen 98
The Heart knoweth its own Bitterness 99
God alone the fit Object of Praise and Prayer . . . 100
God our Guide 100
The End of the Good Man is Peace 101
Unity of God 102
God's Will be done 103
Gratitude and Praise to God 103
Simeon's Thanksgiving 104
Awake, Thou that sleepest 105
Hymn 106
Submission to God 106
Easter Hymn 107
Come, Ye Blessed of My Father 108
God is Love 109
Lord! I believe 110
The World Beautiful 110
Be sure your Sin will find you out 111
Rest of the Righteous 112
Virtue and Truth Immortal 113
Help sought from God 114
Hope in God 115
Humble Worship 116
Hymn 117

PAGE

Their Works shall follow Them 118
The Resurrection 119
God's Guidance implored 119
Agar's Petition 120
Death a Blessing 121
Ye believe in God—believe also in Me 122
The Poor have the Gospel preached unto Them . . . 123
We walk by Faith and not by Sight 123
Watchman! what of the Night? 124
Thou hast the Words of Eternal Life 125
Temptation 126
The Cross of Christ 126
God is One 127
Outward and Inward Virtue 128
Hymn 129
God Omnipresent 130
Infinite Greatness of God 131
Pure Religion and Undefiled 132
Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord 133
Trust in God 133
Death! where is thy Sting? 134
My Times are in thy Hand 135
Luther's Angel-Song 136
God ever Present 137
God our Comforter 138
Religious Comfort 138
Heirs of God and Joint Heirs with Christ 139
"Father, glorify Thy Name" 140
God with Us 141
Vicissitude a Blessing 142
Parental Providence 142
Jesus wept 143
Evening Hymn 144
God the chief Good 145
The Grave no Terror to the Virtuous 146
Sleep of the Grave 147
"It is finished" 148

PAGE
Adoration of the One True God 149
Funeral Hymn 149
Rest of the Grave 150
Morning Hymn 151
Sabbath Evening 152
God our only Refuge 153
Jesus the Day-Star 154
Life's Pilgrimage 155
Immortality 156
Acceptable Worship 157
Christian Triumphs 158
Every Thing derived from God 158
God, the Source of all Good 159
Future wisely concealed 160
Aspirations 161
Morning Hymn 162
The Lord's Prayer 163
Happy Hours 164
Advent of Christ 165
Acceptable Worship 166
Devotion 167
Private Devotion 168
Ye cannot serve God and Mammon 169
Aspirations after Truth 170
Trust in God 171
Past, Present, and Future 171
Virtue its own Reward 172
Life fleeting and vain 173
Loss of Friends 174
Lessons of Time for Eternity 175
Worship 176
A Wise Man—builds upon a Rock 177
Life in Death 178
Faith and Works 178
Song of the Triumphant Christian 180
"Truly this Man was the Son of God!" 181
The Resurrection 181

PAGE

Traveller's Hymn 182
God over all 183
Hymn 184
God always nigh 185
Value of Time 186
"This Mortal shall put on Immortality" 187
Praise 187
Funeral Hymn 188
Adversity salutary 189
Comfort in God's Goodness 190
Felix trembled 191
"Whether living or dying, we are Thine" 192
Thy will be done 193
That They also may be One in Us 194
I will not leave You comfortless 195
Lines addressed to E. B. 195
Solitude 196
Index to First Lines 197

PREFACE TO MEMORIAL VOLUME.

LIFE AND HYMNS OF SIR JOHN BOWRING.

IN preparing the accompanying volume of hymns, however inadequately I may have performed my task, I have been mainly influenced by the desire of bringing before the public some poems written by my late husband, Sir John Bowring, and which either have not hitherto been published, or have only appeared in periodicals. To such manuscript and other hymns as I possessed have been added selections from two small books, published by himself, now many years since.

The first issued of these volumes, "Matins and Vespers," is still in print, and well known to lovers of sacred song, both in this country

and America. A smaller collection, entitled "Hymns by John Bowring," which appeared in 1825, is now out of print, and with this the public appears to be less familiar, although many of the individual hymns have found their way into various hymn books. From this collection, therefore, I have culled more largely than from its predecessor.

With respect to the brief Memoir prefixed to the hymns I may observe, that the difficulty of compressing within so small a compass the events of the long, busy, and active life of my late revered husband has proved considerable. I need hardly remark, that his intellectual energy and varied abilities very early brought him into notice, and led to his occupying, from time to time, positions of considerable importance; while, from the amount of work accomplished in the different capacities of the writer, the politician, the diplomatist, and the political economist, the details of the labours of that energetic nature must necessarily be much curtailed.

To the Editor of the "Illustrated Review" I would acknowledge my indebtedness for a

portion of the valuable information which I have found so useful in the compilation of this sketch. A few words from the observations of other friends have also been turned to account.

Circumstances over which I had no control have alone hitherto prevented the earlier appearance of the accompanying "Memorial Volume." I trust the delay will not interfere with its acceptance; no other life having hitherto appeared, though such a book remains to be written.

If my task has been a sad one, I may truly say that my occupation has not been disassociated from other feelings. That, in dwelling upon the scenes, the circumstances, and the thoughts of bygone years; in reviewing the active political struggles and controversies in which my late husband was engaged; and, above all, in pondering on the God-like spirit that animated, the faith in the Divine love that cheered, the entire belief in the ultimate prevalence of truth and goodness, that encouraged him, I too have found sources of consolation.

The political events of his early career are become matters of history, fraught with importance in their results to the passing generations; and the life of one who laboured amongst them, who ever sought to promote the improvement, the welfare, and the happiness of his fellow-creatures, was not lived in vain.

DEBORAH BOWRING.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, the eldest son of Mr. Charles Bowring of Larkbeare, was born in the city of Exeter on the 17th October, 1792.

Mr. Bowring was descended from an ancient Devonshire family, which gave its name to the estate of Bowringsleigh, in the parish of West Allington, where they at one time resided. Family records also make mention of a progenitor, one Sir John Bowring, who followed the disastrous fortunes of the ill-fated Charles the First, and to whom the monarch promised a baronetcy, as a reward for services and pecuniary assistance. It is almost needless to add,

that owing probably to the troublous political times, and the imprisonment and ultimate decapitation of the unhappy king, this promise was not fulfilled.

Sir John Bowring's ancestors had been for many generations connected with the woollen manufacture, which for centuries was the staple trade of the West of England, and which has of late years been revived and extended with considerable success in the county of Devon by Mr. Fulford Vicary, an enterprising manufacturer, whose principal mills, supplied with all the most modern and improved machinery, are situated at North Tawton.

Having received the rudiments of a sound education at the grammar school of Moretonhampstead, in his native county, John Bowring, at the age of fourteen, was employed by his father in his trade, which principally consisted, at that time, in the preparation of coarse woollens for China and the Spanish Peninsula. He was of studious and reserved habits, devoting almost all his leisure to a secluded study, whose walls he had lined with books, with objects of natural history, chemical

apparatus, antiquities, and various curiosities—a museum, in fact, seldom opened even to the members of his family—for he was in the habit of locking himself in before day-break, and retiring to it again when the labours of the day were over. French was the only language he learned from a master, one of the many clerical Royalist refugees whom the first French Revolution had flung upon the shores of England. Young Bowring had an intense desire to acquire languages; he mastered Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, and had made considerable progress in German and Dutch before he was sixteen years old. His habit was to seek every opportunity of speaking; he discovered that the tongue was by far the most useful organ for learning living languages. He passed such hours as he could dispose of in company with the Italians who at that time perambulated England for the sale of barometers, &c., or with the Lucchese boys, who then, as now, but with far inferior wares, hawked their plaster casts through the country. He found that the great art of language-learning is to get rid of the notion of verbally translating the phrase; that

the same thought takes another shape when expression is given to it in another tongue; that the real and exact synonyms of language are few; and that dictionary aid, at least in the beginning of study, is rather pernicious than useful.

To have acquired at so early an age so great an amount of knowledge, it is quite evident that the love of learning must have manifested itself in him from childhood. Referring to those youthful days and to that quiet retreat, he would relate that he engaged a sister, whom he rewarded with a halfpenny a week if she punctually fulfilled her undertaking to call him, in order that he might betimes indulge his taste for study. Yet the quiet and apparently book-absorbed lad seems not to have been wanting in a love of boyish frolic, nor deficient in observation of what was passing around him. Far less was he indifferent to the tenderness which was lavished upon him; he was the object of intensest affection to his excellent parents and talented sisters, and a regular and welcome visitor to his grandparents, when his grandmother decorated him with her choicest

flowers. The servants employed him as their amanuensis, and not unfrequently made him their confidant. As he rambled during his school days, at Moretonhampstead, the Dartmoor hills, he made acquaintance with the farmers of the district, who invited the youth to their houses, and unwittingly ministered to his poetical and imaginative tastes by their recitals of tales of the pixies. It is not very long since that, on visiting the region referred to, we found that the delicate lad, who had become so well known in the political and literary world, was remembered by the most aged of the rustics of the town, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

After remaining some time with his father, young Bowring entered a merchant's house at Exeter as a clerk, but soon gave evidence of a higher order of abilities than those which fitted him for the desk. He became in early life the political pupil of the illustrious Jeremy Bentham, whose principles he maintained in the pages of the *Westminster Review*, of which he was for some years the editor. After the death of Bentham, with whom he had lived in the

habits of closest intimacy, and to whom he acted as executor, Mr. Bowring published a collection of his master's works, accompanied by a biography of the great jurist, the whole consisting of twenty-three octavo volumes. He now distinguished himself by an extraordinary knowledge of continental literature, particularly of the lyrical—or rather of the song poetry—of the different European nations; as a proof of which it may be mentioned, that he published very many translations containing poetical specimens from the Bohemian, Bulgarian, Sclavonic, Russian, Servian, Polish, Slovakian, and Illyrian; Scandinavian, Icelandic, Swedish, and Danish; Teutonic, Esthonian, Dutch, Frisian, Lettish, and Finnish; Hungarian, Biscayan, French, Provençal, and Gascon; Italian, with its dialects; Spanish, Portuguese, Catalonian, and Gallician. It was about this time, also, that there appeared selections of hymns, original poems, and other works, amounting altogether to more than fifty volumes. For his two volumes of "Russian Anthology" he received a diamond ring from the Emperor Alexander the First, and for his

works on Holland, some of which have been translated into Dutch, a gold medal from the King of the Netherlands.

At the period to which this narrative refers, now about seventy years ago, great opportunities existed in Exeter for one so desirous of acquiring general information, and more especially an acquaintance with foreign tongues, as did the youthful John Bowring of gratifying his tastes. The quay was, at that time, crowded with vessels of many nations. Most of the green spaces within and near the city of Exeter were then known as rackfields, which were employed for stretching, measuring, and drying the various woollen cloths woven in the scattered cottages of the husbandmen, or in the villages and towns of the neighbourhood. The merchants and master-fullers were really directing fellow-workmen; taking part in the manual labour of their dependants, the language in which the artisans were addressed was invariably *soce* (socii).

The principal trade was with Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Holland. The merchants of Exeter, many of them travelled men, were thorough masters of the languages of those

countries with which they traded, and to several of these gentlemen the young John Bowring was indebted for assistance in the prosecution of his linguistic studies, and thus it came about that when, shortly afterwards, he was enabled to indulge that love of travel which he at that same time imbibed through such associations, on landing in the Peninsula during the great war, he was so much at home in Spanish that he obtained the name of *El Espanõl Ingles*. A great portion of Mr. John Bowring's time, from the age of twenty to thirty, was passed in foreign countries. During the whole of his journeyings he made it his rule to live more among the natives than among his own countrymen, and by adopting the usages and speaking the languages of the countries he visited, to make himself better acquainted with their most peculiar and interesting features.

He was at this time, also, extensively engaged in several official missions to foreign countries. In 1828, on the recommendation of Mr. Alexander Baring (afterwards Lord Ashburton) and the Parliamentary Finance Committee, he was

sent by the late Right Hon. J. C. Herries, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to report on the public accounts of Holland; and it was during this period that he received his diploma of LL.D. from the University of Groningen.

In 1829 Doctor Bowring collected at Copenhagen the materials for a collection of Scandinavian poetry, and he also translated "Peter Schlemihl," from the German of Chamisso, on the recommendation of Adelung. While on a subsequent mission at Madrid he published, in Spanish, a work on "African Slavery;" and, about the same time, he also translated into French the "Opinions of the Early Christians on War," written by Thomas Clarkson.

From the period of his connection with the *Westminster Review*, Dr. Bowring had directed much of his attention to subjects of political economy, especially with respect to the commercial relations between Great Britain and the continental governments; and in 1831 he was nominated, with the late Earl of Clarendon (who at that time held the appointment of First Commissioner of Excise), Commercial Commissioner to France. Though not success-

ful to the extent anticipated, some liberal modifications of the tariff were made. The import trade of French produce into Great Britain and her colonies was subsequently considerably increased, and two elaborate reports on the state of our commercial relations with France were presented to Parliament by Lord Clarendon and Dr. Bowring.

After his first marriage Dr. Bowring lived with his family at Hackney. Both there, and at the house afterwards occupied by them, Queen Square, Westminster, they were in the habit of holding weekly receptions, which were frequented by persons of distinction, both foreigners and English people. His intercourse with the continent had already brought him into connection with many celebrities from other lands. A brief quotation from a letter, alluding to one of these gatherings, may not prove unacceptable. Under date December, 1817, W. J. Fox writes to the lady whom he subsequently married:

"We had a glorious squeeze at Bowring's on Thursday night. . . . . Poor Talfourd I pitied; by some bad management he got fixed

at a card table with Aspland, while Miss Rutt was off to the dancers. . . . . In this crowd the youthful appearance of our host and hostess was very interesting. Mrs. B. has a very young look, full of modesty and simplicity; at first sight, you would look about for her mother and elder sister, but a second glance discovered something of manner that indicated the mistress of the house. With B. you would have been irretrievably in love. Looking divinely; exchanging a bit of French or Italian with ladies who wanted to show off; criticising the last new poem with Talfourd; talking politics with A.; handing out ladies to the dancing-room; conversing in Spanish with a Spanish patriot who had left his country in consequence of having written against the Inquisition, and who speaks little or no English. And all this, and much more, without the least appearance of bustle or effect."*

It was while residing at Hackney, after a visit to Paris of a purely commercial character, that Dr. Bowring was arrested in France, in

* *Vide* Memoirs of Mrs. Eliza Fox, pp. 154, 155.

1823, and thrown into prison for some months. He appears to have been the object of espionage during his stay in the capital, but somewhat recklessly to have disregarded the impending danger. He was supposed to be the bearer of despatches of a revolutionary character; but nothing whatever could be proved against him, and at the instance of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs he was ultimately liberated, with the intimation that "there was not a tittle of evidence against him." During his incarceration he received the kindest attentions from the British Consul resident at Boulogne, and from other friends. Great anxiety was caused to his relatives by his detention, Mr. Canning himself being the first to apprise them of Dr. Bowring's release.

The subject of political economy, in its varied ramifications, was one that possessed for him an intense interest; and to the latest period of his existence he ever sought to promulgate the principles of that great man, the friend and philosopher whose opinions he shared, and to whom he was so ardently attached. For many years Dr. Bowring lived in Bentham's house,

and acted as his private secretary, and the alliance between them ripened into one of an exceedingly affectionate character. He was frequently heard, even in later years, to eulogize his friend with all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature. He spoke of him as one of the greatest and wisest men that ever lived. Undoubtedly there are those still living who recognize in Bentham's writings a mine of thought which may still be advantageously worked, and his influence has already leavened modern thought on all the great questions of law reform more than that of any other writer. Sir John Bowring inherited from his master much of his grasp of mind; while, like Brougham, he possessed physical vigour, versatility of talent, and took delight in public life. He fretted for want of work; was from early manhood a Radical reformer, and gave a firm adhesion to the League that brought about the abolition of the corn laws. Bentham subsequently lived in a house, Queen's Square, Westminster, which had formerly been occupied by Milton, whose memory he greatly revered. Sir John Bowring, with a countenance beaming

with emotion, would relate that the great jurist, on his return from an absence of some duration, folded his disciple in his arms, exclaiming, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, my son." Bentham died in the arms of his friend, whom he appointed his literary executor. Dr. Bowring fulfilled the task by publishing Bentham's collected works, which, including the Deontology, occupy twenty-four large volumes.

According to testamentary directions, the body of Mr. Bentham was embalmed. Clothed in his ordinary attire, and with his stick in hand, it is now to be seen in the Museum of the London University, Gower Street.

After undertaking various commercial missions, of which the reports were published for the information of Parliament, Dr. Bowring discharged the duties of unpaid commissioner to inquire into the state of extra-parochial records of births and deaths. For this purpose he examined and reported on more than seven thousand volumes. He then took part in the Commission for the Reform of the Public Accounts, when he visited France, and examined

in the greatest detail the *Compatabilité* of the French government. On his return to England he presented two reports on the subject, which were published, and upon these our present improved system is based. It was about this time, also, that he carried, in opposition to the Government, a resolution to the effect that the gross revenues of all taxes should be paid into the Exchequer without reduction, and that no appropriation should be made without previous parliamentary sanction; a principle which has become the ground-work of reform in national accountancy.

Upon the passing of the Reform Bill, Dr. Bowring was called upon, by more than one constituency, to offer himself as a candidate for the representation. A requisition was signed to that effect by a majority of the electors of Blackburn; he was not however returned, but was ultimately elected in 1835 for the Kilmarnock boroughs, and took his seat as a Radical reformer. This seat he lost two years later, the principal causes being his supposed heterodoxy; the "No-Popery" cry; and the part he had taken in the discussions on Sir

Andrew Agnew's "Sabbath" bills; to say nothing of the opposition of Port Glasgow to Free-trade principles. In 1841 he was returned for Bolton, which seat he retained until 1849.

Dr. Bowring's career in Parliament, though comparatively short, was by no means an idle one; and he is said to have surpassed all the Scotch members in regular attendance. His votes were invariably of a Radical cast. He pithily stated, in an address to his constituents, that he "had never voted *against* the Whigs except when the Whigs had voted *with* the Tories." He spoke often in the House of Commons, generally with effect, but never at great length. If we may judge by the reports of *Hansard*, it would appear that his longest speeches were on the improvements required in the various financial departments. Aided by the powerful support of the Prince Consort, he obtained, after repeated discussions in the House of Commons, the issue of the florin, the first step towards a measure which he never ceased to advocate and support, the introduction of the decimal system into our currency.

He took a very active part in the Committee

on the distress of the hand-loom weavers, on that for Irish Education, and on that on the state of the Arts, as applied to the manufactures of the country, and spoke ably and eloquently in the House on the abolition of flogging in the Army.

On two occasions Dr. Bowring visited Belgium, with a view to the modification of their commercial system; and he represented Great Britain at the meeting of the Zollverein in Berlin in 1838. His communications with Sir Robert Peel at that period were not without their influence in bringing about that change in our commercial system which has in its results (as productive of free trade) proved so largely beneficial. It may be mentioned here that Dr. Bowring wrote the greater part of the report of Mr. Hume's Committee on the Import Duties, —a report which has been translated into all the commercial languages of Europe, and circulated to the extent of hundreds of thousands of copies, and that many of its recommendations were adopted by Sir Robert Peel.

He received a handsome service of plate from the Manxmen, for the services he had

rendered by obtaining an Act of Parliament for their emancipation from the tyranny of feudal laws and customs; and another from the Maltese, for his advocacy, as their unofficial representative, in the House of Commons.

In January, 1849, he was nominated to the British Consulship at Canton; and in 1853 he was made Superintendent of Trade and Plenipotentiary in China. He subsequently held the appointments of Governor, Commander-in-Chief, and Vice-Admiral of Hong Kong and its dependencies;—as also that of Chief Superintendent of Trade in our dependencies east of the Ganges.

On receiving his appointment as Governor of Hong Kong, and whilst on leave of absence in England, in February, 1854, he received the honour of knighthood. He was also nominated a Commander of the Belgian Order of Leopold, and a Commander of the Order of Christ, of Portugal. In 1870 His Majesty the King of Italy conferred upon him a Knight-Commandership in the noble Order of St. Maurice, on the occasion of the ratification of the Italo-Hawaiian Treaty; and in 1871 the King of the Belgians decorated him with the Star of

a Grand Officer of the Order of Leopold. He also possessed the Grand Cordons of Kamehameha (Hawaiian Islands), and of Isabella the Catholic (Spain). He was Knight-Commander of the Swedish Order of the Northern Star, and of the Austrian Order of Francis Joseph.

It was during his administration at Hong Kong, that the insult was offered to the British Flag by the Chinese Government which resulted in open hostilities between England and China, and which led to considerable discussion in Parliament, and to the temporary removal of Lord Palmerston from office, in 1858.

The policy of Sir John Bowring in China, although the subject of a hostile vote in Parliament, was warmly upheld by Lord Palmerston's Government. The parliamentary attack was peculiarly painful to Sir John Bowring, from the fact of some of his former friends and colleagues taking a strong part against him. His generous nature, however, readily pardoned observations which must have been made without that knowledge, which nothing but a residence among Orientals could afford, of all the circumstances which led to the so-called China War.

But public opinion, with wonderful unanimity, promptitude, and sagacity, did ample justice to Sir John Bowring. It reversed and repudiated the decisions of the Commons, and the principal movers against him lost their seats. Nor did Lord Elgin, who succeeded Sir John Bowring in China, change the course of his policy—on the contrary, he endorsed, confirmed, and carried it out. What Lord Elgin accomplished was due to the vigorous enforcement of his predecessor's demands, and these demands were enacted by the adoption of measures more hostile and violent than those that had previously been used. It may indeed be truly said, that in the eulogiums which were poured upon the noble Earl, he was reaping the harvest of the seed sown by Sir John Bowring, who had incurred the risk and the responsibility, and borne the "burden and the heat" alike of difficulties abroad and of vituperation at home. His policy, however, has brought the abundant fruit of success, and the results afford the amplest justification of his doings.

In the spring of 1855 Sir John Bowring proceeded on a special mission to Siam, and

succeeded in concluding a Treaty of Commerce with the two Kings of that country,—a task in which several previous plenipotentiaries had failed. The trade created by that treaty is already of vast amount, and is susceptible of extensive development. Sir John published an interesting account of his travels in that country, in two volumes, under the title of "The Kingdom and People of Siam."

In the early stages of the negotiation, some difficulties arose with respect to the proper official recognition being accorded to Her Majesty's Envoy and Suite. The honours due to the English Flag being at length conceded, the vessels glided up the Memam to Bangkok, and their occupants received every attention at the Eastern Court. Sir John Bowring was ultimately admitted to the most intimate relations with the Monarch, and hence probably the secret of his success. In after years, the late first King was in the habit of writing frequently to him, when he would address him in very fair English, commencing his letter with the words, "My much respected and well-beloved good friend." Sir John Bowring, within the

last few years, acted for the Siamese Government as Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Courts of Europe, with the object of concluding Treaties of Amity and Commerce with the Western Nations. For these services he was created a nobleman of Siam, and authorized to wear the insignia. He also received the Grand Cordon of the Order of the White Elephant, the jewellery appertaining to which contains specimens of curious and rich workmanship.

Sir John Bowring, when in the East, also visited the Philippine Islands, and published an entertaining account of them and their inhabitants, in one large volume. He has frequently contributed to the periodical literature of the day, including *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Fortnightly*, *The St. James's Magazine*, *The Cornhill*, *All the Year Round*, and *Once a Week*, in its palmy days. It was in the columns of the last-named periodical that there appeared the account of the wreck of the *Alma*, which took place in the Red Sea, when, accompanied by his eldest daughter, he was on his return from China. The vessel struck in

the dead of the night upon a sunken rock; no lives were lost, but the passengers were for three days under canvas, on a coral reef, before relief arrived. Their sufferings from heat, thirst, and shortness of provisions were great, but self-denial and fortitude were displayed on all sides. Sir John would dwell with enthusiasm on the quiet *heroineism* shown by the English ladies on this trying occasion.

Shortly after his return from the East, towards the close of the year 1860, he was requested by the English Government to inquire into the state of our commercial relations with the newly-formed Kingdom of Italy, with a view to the formation of a Treaty. He saw Count Cavour, and obtained in various quarters valuable information on the subject. But when at Rome, shortly afterwards, indisposition seized upon a frame exhausted by climate, and still suffering from the effects of the arsenical poisoning administered by the Chinese during his residence among them, to himself, his family, and servants, in all about 300 persons, and which accelerated the death of his first wife. For months, in Italy and Malta, he hovered between

life and death, on beds of sickness. Many were the friends who, in various places, sympathized with his sufferings, and it constantly appeared as though the angels of God were present in human form, ministering to the needs of the invalid and of one who accompanied him, and strengthening both by their words of encouragement. When only partially recovered, he received a severe blow in hearing, at Genoa, of the death of the great Italian statesman, his friend Count Cavour, and diplomatic arrangements were abandoned, for a return to Sir John Bowring's native air.

Some of his noblest and best work still remained to him, and from the time of his restoration to health, in 1862, until a week or two of his death he was ever occupied.

He threw the weight of his influence into all movements, social and economic, which tended towards the elevation or improvement of the people. His leading characteristic was his burning sympathy with the advancement of the human race, and the industry, activity, and intense eagerness of his life were simply wonderful. Of him it might truly be said

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"

He regarded its occupations and its engagements as sacred duties, and frequently when, from physical weakness, it has been thought desirable to endeavour to dissuade him from self-imposed tasks, he would reply, "I must do my work while life remains to me; I may not long be here." Thus would mind triumph over matter, and of late years the frail body was constantly sustained by the soul within.

He was regular in his attendance as a county Magistrate, and was always to be relied on for his countenance and support to the various local scientific or educational institutions of Exeter. He succeeded in inducing his confrères of the Bench to adopt an improved system of public accountancy, and to admit of some modifications into the former method of dealing with prisoners in gaol. In the discussions to which these innovations gave rise, it has been truly said of him, "that however keen he sometimes was in controversy, he had the art of conducting it without making enemies of his opponents; and very often he made them his personal friends."

The whole subject of Prison Discipline, in-

cluding that of the Reformation of the Criminal, engaged much of his time and thoughts, and only a few weeks before his death he published a pamphlet on the subject.

He attended during the last year (1872) the International Prison Conference in London, the Meeting of the British Association, and the Social Science Association. At all these gatherings he took an active part in the debates. His knowledge of languages, added to his information and experience of the subjects under discussion, rendered his presence most valuable at the assembly of Deputies from various lands. Never did he utter words more feelingly eloquent than when, in the Geographical Section of the B. A. at Brighton, he responded to a sudden call from the President, Mr. Galton, to welcome the Japanese Ambassadors, who were present, escorted by Sir Harry Parks.

Most touchingly was the hand of fellowship and the heart of brotherhood proffered by him from the West to the East. The assembly, by their silence, showed themselves in unison with his thrilling words, and mutely acknowledged that "God hath made of one blood all the

nations of the earth." At the Devonport and Plymouth Meeting, Sir John Bowring was, at the eleventh hour, called upon to take the chair of the Economic Section, and worked hard in that position. He daily presided over the meetings, and delivered a most interesting varied address, bearing upon the principal topics embraced within the wide range of social Economics.

A brief sketch has now been traced of the career of one whose superior mental aptitudes and benevolent sentiments were supported by his constant and unwearied energy. Imperfect as so short a notice must necessarily be, the writer trusts that she has succeeded in conveying some idea of the work accomplished by him to whom it relates. But who shall render justice to that ordinarily calm, yet deep religious principle that actuated his whole being? Yet it was this sentiment, so pure, so innate, so abiding, that was the key-note of all he accomplished. He had intelligent convictions; he had a theory of life based upon observation, reflection, and experience. He looked a wrong thing in the face, and could never believe that it should be left in possession,

because backed up by majorities. What he believed, both in religion and politics, he knew, and knowing, he mastered and did not disguise his knowledge, and never shrank from an avowal of his conscientious convictions.

In early life his earnest desire had been to become a Unitarian Minister, a course from which he was dissuaded by his excellent father. His earnestness and benevolence, his devotional temperament, and his powerful eloquence, would doubtless have qualified him for such a position. But the worthy parent had already traced the development of other faculties in his talented son,—aptitude for language, for politics, and diplomacy, united to a restless activity, which might in the sequel have unfitted him for the pulpit. Sir John Bowring never regretted, in later life, the decision that had been made for him ere his judgment was matured. His experience of life had taught him that it is in the power of a layman, from his less fettered platform, to render equal, though possibly different, services to the cause of religion and virtue, to those of the regularly appointed preacher. His devo-

tional sentiments early found an outlet in sacred song, which flowed from his pen, and was ever upon his lips, like a fountain from a deep well of religious harmonies pervading his inmost being. His ideas of God were so full of beauty and of trust; his views of man so bright and so hopeful; his confidence in the future so radiant with light. His whole soul thrilled at the contemplation of the work of the Divine hand in nature; and he loved to recognize in the prevalence of the reign of law and order evidence of the unity and universal wisdom of God. His all-embracing mind found in the great and good of every creed, clime, and colour the children of the same common Father, and traced everywhere a bond of brotherhood sufficiently Catholic in spirit to overcome the shackles and the dogmas of human beliefs.

His hymns breathe the best thoughts of the writer. They proclaim the rights and responsibilities of each individual soul, while they recognize religion as meeting the wants of our common nature, and as given in answer to our aspirations after the supreme good.

His first published volume of original poems was "Matins and Vespers," a little book which has passed through several editions, both in England and America. It consists of religious meditations in verse for the four seasons, to which are appended a selection of hymns. The poetry is imbued with a reverence for nature, the result of deep study and of intense devotion to the Infinite. A small volume, entitled "Hymns by John Bowring," followed in 1825, which contains some of his best known sacred songs. They breathe a spirit of religion and reliance on the Divine will in all the various chances and changes of this mortal scene. The volume is out of print, but the writer of this memoir, while extracting from it largely, has at the same time collected and added to them sacred poems from other—many of them hitherto unpublished—sources. Sacred verse was the solace and delight—the very charm of existence to their author. Within a few days of his decease he was engaged upon a collection of "Hymns for Children;" and at eighty years of age his morning tribute of praise to the Creator constantly broke forth in sacred song.

After a life of some vicissitude, Sir John Bowring may be truly said to have enjoyed a green old age. He lived in the country, in the vicinity of his native city, in the midst of a circle of friends, his love of life and unfailing cheerfulness the sources of the highest felicity both to himself and to those who shared his pleasures. To his progressive mind, the great events of the day, and the recent scientific discoveries, were at once known. He retained his habits of punctuality and of early rising; was a constant reader, while his retentive memory, added to his extensive and varied knowledge, and his connections with many remarkable characters of a past generation, rendered his conversation alike interesting and profitable. It was a real pleasure to him to obtain for a deserving youth a situation adapted to his abilities, and he would take some trouble to find what was suitable. "You are now launched," he would say to those whom he had thus aided; "your future rests with yourself. I trust that, by steadiness and diligence, you will do credit to my recommendation." He was highly appreciated by his fellow-citizens;

he was what they termed "approachable," and they frequently sought his advice, which he cheerfully gave, setting aside his occupations to attend to their tales, or to write letters for those who were unable to advance their own claims. Thus, in several instances, he succeeded in recovering from foreign countries their just dues for poor women who knew not how to set about obtaining their rights.

He was endued with a temperament susceptible alike of intense pleasure and pain. If his countenance glowed at the sight of a familiar face, his grief was equally poignant at hearing of the death of a dear friend or relative. But the habitual serenity and buoyancy of that happy nature soon restored sunshine to his breast, and he never sorrowed as one without hope; while his implicit confidence in the love of God, and faith in Divine wisdom, permitted him not to murmur even at the sharpest bodily suffering.

Sir John Bowring was twice married. His first wife was Maria, daughter of Samuel Lewin, Esq., of Hackney, by whom he had nine children, of whom six survive. This lady,

who was accompanied to England by one of her daughters while her husband was detained in China, died at Taunton. His second wife was Deborah, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Castle, of Clifton, who survived him. On the memorable occasion of this marriage, which was celebrated at Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol, before leaving the altar, the couple were much gratified at receiving, at the hands of a deputation, consisting of their friends, the Rev. Brooke Aspland, Mr. Wansey, and others, two magnificent Bibles, being gifts from the Unitarians of the civilized world. The book presented to Sir John Bowring was polyglot, and a very rare work; that to his wife an elegantly bound volume, Baxter's edition. Both contained appropriate inscriptions, and were fitted with suitable cases; that given to the linguist, being also provided with a handsomely carved oak reading-desk.

Those only who had the privilege of being associated with Sir John Bowring in the familiar intercourse of life can know how real and innate was his love of truth and goodness —how sincere his feelings of affection and

benevolence. In him were blended the wisdom of the philosopher and the simplicity of the child. He delighted in the society of young people, and would readily afford them assistance in the pursuit of their studies. The little ones too he loved, and they were readily attracted to his side, to listen with wondering looks to those tales of mingled adventure and instruction which fascinated them and their friends.

Such a being as this shrunk not from death. Resigned to die, yet reconciled to live, he desired not to survive the decay of his powers. His prayer was granted; his last illness endured but a brief fortnight.

His last act was one of kindness—the dictating of a letter to a lady, a stranger, who had made an inquiry of him. His last intelligible words expressed his gratitude to those who ministered to him; and, when language failed, a beaming smile of unutterable tenderness fell upon one who in sorrow and sadness received his last peaceful sigh.

He breathed his last on the 23rd November, 1872, at the age of eighty.

Memorials expressive of sympathy with Lady Bowring, and adverting to the great loss the city had sustained through the death of Sir John Bowring, were received from the Mayor and Corporation of Exeter, and nine other public bodies of that city. From several societies of even greater importance, at a distance, similar intimations of respect and regret were received by the mourning family.

But in no one of these expressions of sympathy was his widow more interested than in the letter of the body of fellow-worshippers assembling in Georges' Meetings. The Unitarians of Exeter, shortly afterwards, announced their intention of marking their high sense of appreciation of Sir John Bowring's character, of his literary tastes and varied talents, and more especially of the conscientious and consistent zeal with which he ever advocated the cause of religious freedom, by erecting a memorial to his honour. That memorial has now taken the form of a bust, and this beautiful and expressive likeness, executed from life by Mr. Edward Bowring Stephens, now adorns the vestibule of the Unitarian Chapel in South Street.

Sir John Bowring was interred at the New Cemetery, Exeter, where an appropriate spot was selected for his last resting-place. Though late in the month of November, the day on which the funeral took place was one such as he would have rejoiced in—bright and beautiful. The mourning cortége was followed by a vast concourse of his fellow-citizens, desirous to testify by their presence their respect for his memory.

A simple tablet is in course of erection over his tomb, which, together with a brief inscription, will bear the lines, from one of his best known hymns,

"In the Cross of Christ I glory."

SACRED POETRY.

—♦—

Matter and Mind.

IF in the vast material world
No atom ever perished—though
In multitudinous changes hurl'd
Upwards and downwards, to and fro,
And all that in the present orb'd
From silent growth and sudden storms,
Is but a former past absorb'd
In ever-shifting frames, and forms,—

If He who made the worlds that were,
And makes the worlds that are to be,
Has with all-wise, all-potent care
Preserved the smallest entity
Imperishable—though it pass
From shape to shape, by heat or cold
Dispersed, attracted, monad, mass—
A wind-blown sand, a solid mould,—

Shall He not save those nobler things,
Those elements of mind and thought,
Whose marvellous imaginings
Have the great deeds of progress wrought?
Those instincts, be they what they may,
Of which the soul of man is made,
By which he works his wondrous way
Up to light's very fountain head?

From earth's untold materials, man
Can build, unbuild, can break or bind;
But from mind's elements who can
Transform, create another mind?
Who rear new piles of thought from aught
Of thought surviving its decay—
Who ever from the grave has brought
A spirit that had passed away?

If God have left no blank—no void
Unfilled,—if in Creation's reign
Nothing is born to be destroyed
Or perish—but to live again;—
If in the cycles of the earth
No atom of that earth can die—
The soul, which is of nobler birth,
Must live,—and live eternally.

The Divine Apocalypse.

In the apocalypse sublime
The new created world shall see
Eternity embracing time,
Space swallowed in infinity;
Each sun, each star, each heavenly orb,
Shall one pervading light absorb.

No temple there, for boundless heaven
Shall be a temple; not a prayer
Shall by the trembling lips be given,
For all shall be devotion there;
All day, no darkness, no eclipse
In that divine apocalypse.

This world, these cycles, mortal life
And mortal death are but the scene
Of shifting, surging, struggling strife,
The powers of good and ill between:
Though in that strife, so rough and rude,
We see the conquering march of good.

But in the glorious time reveal'd
Each form of ill shall fade and fall;
And every, every wound be heal'd,
And God, our God, be all in all:
All light, all love, all God, all good,
An infinite beatitude!

Rejoice with Trembling.

Rejoice with trembling! yet rejoice;
For in the stillness of the soul
A voice is audible, a voice
No will can silence or control;
And this the language mortals hear,
Tears have their joy, and joys their tear.

Rejoice with trembling! every good
Has shadows darkening; every grief
Has bliss for its vicissitude—
Toil, rest, affliction, and relief,
The cheering sound, the chastening rod,
But over all the hand of God.

Heaven the Christian's Home.

On light beams flowing from above
Man's course of mortal being runs;
And with the loadstone of His love
The Eternal Sire attracts His sons.

What an entrancing sight for him—
The enraptured prophet—when his eye
Saw Cherubim and Seraphim
Descending from their native sky!

Ten thousand indications given
Console us in our life's career;
They link us more and more to heaven,
And will at last conduct us there.

The working of celestial love
In this bright consummation lies;
It brings down angels from above,
It raises mortals to the skies.

Howe'er on earth we rove or roam,
From heaven we came, to heaven we tend;
Heaven is our final happy home,
Where joys begin and sorrows end.

Upward.

"Più elevato
"Nel affocato rido delle stelle!"—DANTE.

UNDER the canopy of holy thought
I turn to Thee; and in the silent awe
Of Thy felt presence, reverently draw
Nearer Thy light; while marvellously brought
Within a sphere diviner, I am taught
New revelations and sublimer law
Unearthly, and I see what prophets saw
When on their spiritual souls Thy glory wrought

The work of inspiration. Thou absorbed
In Thine own self, and all that's pure inorbed
With an ineffable beatitude—
Freed from all worldly taint, all element
Unworthy—I become a light-beam blent
In the grand Fountain-Sun of Joy or Good.

Changes Wrought by Time.

On the Inauguration of Dr. Priestley's Statue at Oxford. July, 1860.

And time rolls on!—time, charged with the redressing
Of past injustice, past forgetfulness,
Brings up the arrear-accumulated blessing,
And blesses men, in that it failed to bless.

The House of God.

Written for the Dedication Services at Oakfield Road Church, Clifton. 13th Nov. 1864.

A house to God the Monarch built,
For altars high and incense sweet;
'Twas richly carved,—'twas gaily gilt,—
For sacrifice and worship meet.
Then said the Monarch, "Lord, I see
My house is all unworthy Thee.

Unworthy Thee, whom highest heaven,
Whom heaven of heavens, cannot contain;
Whose greatness human thought hath striven
To compass, or conceive in vain.
Yet in thy house my heart shall be,
Hallowing Thy name perpetually."

We, too, have raised our temple pile
Unworthy Thee,—and yet we pray,
Father! for Thy benignant smile
To bless the deed, to bless the day
Which dedicates another shrine
To holy thoughts and hopes divine.

Here let the songs of praise be heard,
The earnest reverential prayer,
And Truth's sublime eternal word
Be ever boldly uttered here;
And worshippers and worship be
Acceptable, O God, to Thee!

The Truth.

The age for damning, dogmatizing creeds,
Thanks to the power of Truth, has passed away,
For man hath nobler thoughts and higher needs,
And more exalted purposes to-day:

From the soul's garden he tears up the weeds
Of idle disputation, and display—
Not words intolerant, but the bright array
Of generous impulses and holy deeds,
Are the bright evidence of saving faith,
The best obedience to his law who saith :—
"Seek for the Truth inquiringly—nor fear
The guidance which from Truth's great source sublime
Leads wandering man, through the rude tracks of time,
To that Eternity where all is clear."

Hymn.

The minstrel harp of Poetry
Has touched the sunbeam on the sea,
And to the music of the spheres
We listen with enchanted ears,
Singing His praise whose spirit burns
Resplendent in these golden urns.

We soar aloft in Fancy's car
Beyond the smallest, farthest star,
Which, having reached, we onward move
To regions higher still above,
Onward—still onward—for no height
Nor depth can gird the Infinite.

Creator!—that infinity
Is but an atom-speck to Thee,
And what is man? and how can he,
With stammering lips and bended knee,
Look upward—upward? Yea, he can,
Because Thy grace has beamed on man.

Mourn not as those without Hope.

My wife! my children! when death's hour is come,
Dry every, every gushing tear, I pray,
And rather smile, that I am welcomed home,
And to a better country take my way.
'Tis I who rather ought to weep for you,
Who struggle onwards, through a life of pain,
Until you reach the eternal rendezvous,
Where widowed spirits shall be linked again.

No idle eloquence upon my grave!
It were ill placed; for what at best am I
But a poor sinner? Yet the Hand to save
Was stretched by Love paternal from on high.
I b'lieve in God, who sent His holy Son
To spread the Gospel glory through the earth;
My spirit I resign to Him alone,
Waiting another and eternal birth.

Farewell! farewell! time shall unite us all,
On the green borders of the immortal shore
Where boundless blessings are the lot of all,
And sin and ignorance mislead no more.
But, revelling in peace, and hope, and love,
Our lives shall a perpetual offering be
To the kind Father who presides above,
And on His children showers felicity:

Till when, submitting to His holy will,
Your spirits shall obey the sweet control,
And, by His mighty hand supported still,
Celestial light shall kindle in your soul.
Following the example by the Saviour given,
Let His great law its sacred sway maintain;
Loving with all your heart the God of Heaven,
And loving as yourself your fellow-men.

Peace.

Peace with God, through Christ our Lord!
Promise sweet! celestial word!
Peace, of all God's gifts the best;
Peace, of all that's blest most blest;
Peace, whose advent angels taught;
Peace, whose promise Jesus brought.

Unchanging Changes.

Our lives are into cycles cast,
They seem to linger while they last,
But are dim dreamings when they're past.

The summers of the past have left
No traces,—rolling years have cleft
All memories,—of all signs bereft.

All melted are the winter snows,
And where they perished, whence they rose,
No now-existing record shows.

And yet there reigns eternal *Law*,
And seasons after seasons draw
Their lines without a fault or flaw.

So man, the noblest work of God,
Treads where his vanished fathers trod,
And views the skies and turns the sod.

Where'er he looks, above, around,
Scattered o'er earth's prolific ground
The seeds of coming man are found.

It was so—is so—so shall be
While rolls the ever-flowing sea
Into thy gulf, Eternity!

Christian Unity.

KEEP the unity of spirit,
Keep it in the bonds of peace,
So alone shall we inherit
Hope, and truth, and blessedness.
Unity—the link'd communion,
Which with spirits, spirits hold,
Love, the all-entrancing union,
Scattering blessings manifold.
To the Christian feasts, invited,
Welcoming and hallowing each,
All accordant, all united,
What sweet sympathy they speak,
Willing service, free allegiance,
Dear dependence, peaceful bond;
Earth, the scene of love's obedience;
Heaven, the recompense beyond.

The Reign of Law.

LITTLE by little groping through
All nature's arteries and veins,
Our varied musings lead us to
Some general law, that all contains.

Through fictions and through fancies rude,
Some safe conclusions we may draw,
That all, when rightly understood,
All—all is order—all is law.

And if by contradictions vexed,
And pulled by various strings astray,
In darkness lost, by doubt perplexed,
We cannot see nor feel our way,
Still let us know the Hand that guides,
Will guide us through the clouds of night,
That over all things law presides,—
The law of love, the law of light.

God our Strength.

Have ye not seen? have ye not heard?
And hath it not been told to you?
"From the beginning," that the Lord
Will strengthen, will uphold you?
If, struggling through life's weary race,
You keep His law, and seek His face.

Yes! ye have heard, and ye have seen,
The Wise,—the Great,—the Holy,
Will ever be what He hath been,
The refuge of the lowly;
Who from the depth of prayer's recess,
Seek strength from His almightiness.

Was it not told you from the first
He faints not, tires not ever?
He still is merciful as erst,
His glory waneth never!
We pine in pain and pass away,
He knows nor darkness nor decay.

Scriptural Hymn.

That Christ who o'er His Lazarus wept,
And said, "The dead again shall rise!"
Is "the first fruits of them that slept,"
Their head,—their herald to the skies.
Not to this wretched life alone
Our hopes are bounded; Christ hath given
To those He loves a nobler zone,
And calls them to a higher heaven.

But earth's anxieties and cares,
And prayer and praise and deeds of love,
Are but the lowly ladder-stairs
By which we reach that heaven above.
'Tis here life's history begins,
When day and night's vicissitude,
And suffering's discipline, and sins,
And weal and woe, combine for good.

For God and goodness are the same,
On all those rays benignant fall,
Love is the ever-during name,
Embracing and pervading all.

Thy Kingdom Come.

Come Thy kingdom! of all blessings,
Of all prayers the first is this;
All heaven's hopes,—all earth's possessings,
Grace and glory, peace and bliss,
Centring in the holy word,
In the kingdom of the Lord.

Let Thy kingdom come! its coming,
By the Gospel-light assured,
In the distant dawn is looming,
Sanctioned, sanctified, secured;
By the Great Creator's plan
Heaven's unveiled, and rescued man.

Yes! Thy kingdom shall be founded
On the eternal base of truth,
By its crystal walls surrounded,
Bright as diamonds, pure as youth.
Kingdom of the Lord! appear,
Speak the word! and lo 'tis here!

What is Truth?

WHAT is truth? said Pilate, groping
In the darkness of his ire.—
Trembling, doubting, fearing, hoping,
Calmer souls may well inquire,
What is truth?—that prize whose worth
Far exceeds the gifts of earth.

Truth—of love and light the presence,
Truth—the stepping-stone to heaven,
Truth—of knowledge soul and essence,
Truth—celestial pole-star given,
Wandering barks to cheer and guide
Through the tempest and the tide.

Confidence in God.

EVER present in Thy sight,
To Thy gracious will I bow,
For Thou wilt conduct me right,
Though I know not always how.
What is mist and cloud to me
Is transcendent light to Thee.

Guide on earth, and Judge in heaven,
Teacher, Comforter divine,
Noble were the missions given
By the Father;—ours and thine,
Guide and Judge! O save us here,
Pardon and accept us there.

All the discipline of woe,
All of man's infirmity,
Thou the Son of man did'st know,
Thou wert tempted, Lord! as we.
'Tis most merciful, most meet,
Thou should'st fill the judgment-seat.

Father, God! in all the plan
Which concerns our privileged race,
All displays Thy love for man,
Elevating—saving grace,
Love beyond expression sweet,
Grace beyond conception great.

Christian Hopes.

GRANDEST of heritages, to be taught
To embrace the immeasurable realms of thought,
Beyond the lofty firmament to soar,
The deepest of abysses to explore;

Up to the farthest stars of heaven to fly,
And master all the mysteries of the sky,
To see the sights unseen by mortal eyes,
To hear the unheard, celestial melodies;

To bring the past transparent to the view,
And to unveil the hidden future too;
And of all time, all space, to read and tell
The hidden things alike of heaven and hell;

To solve all doubts—all darkness to disperse,
And bathe in sunshine all the universe;
And as the seraphs bask in light divine,
May the same bliss ineffable be mine.

Looking Upward.

ONWARD! forward! upward! heavenward!
These our watchwords ever be;
These engraved upon our standard,
Lead us on to victory:
Victory over all that's evil,
Victory certain, great, and glorious;
Over sin, the flesh, the devil—
O'er the grave victorious.

Onward! forward! upward! heavenward!
This is Heaven's divine decree:
This the experience of the peoples—
This the tide of tendency.

Lord! complete that consummation
Promised in Thy faithful word,
Give to all—to all salvation
In Thy kingdom, gracious Lord.

To a Mother on the Death of a Child.

"LIKE morning dew
He sparkled; was exhaled, and went to heaven;"
That promise for the innocent was given,
And is divinely true.
All that is left on earth
Shall be a sacred, sainted memory,
For he is raised to an exalted birth,
And heaven his home shall be.

What could he know
Of all the mysteries of life and death?
He lightly drew his short and passing breath.
Poor child! departing so
He found his early rest:
Then mourn not, Mother! keep the recollection
Shrined in the inmost seat of thine affection,
Knowing that he is blest!

Dedicatory Hymn

COMPOSED FOR THE OPENING OF CHAPEL LANE CHAPEL.

Beyond the immeasurable space
  Where glimmers the remotest star;
Beyond those cycles whence we trace,
  Though faintly, what we were and are;
The only lights that smile and shine,
And elevate, are Thee and thine.

From Thee to thine we grope our way,
  But feel more vigour as we grope;
While darkness brightens into day,
  And faith is born of trembling hope:
And on still-strengthening pinions we
Soar up from what is thine—to Thee!

Be with us now! The pile we rear
  In reverence—may the worshipper
Who seeks Thy presence find it here;
  Thyself the Great Interpreter
To unveil the veiled—to pour Thy light
In all its glories—infinite.

The Tide of Tendency.

'Tis the same great all-influencing Cause,
The source of those inexorable laws
  Which gives its motion to the mountain rill,
And by the self-same impulse guided ever,
Leads on the widening, deepening, gathering river,
  The ocean's vast receptacle to fill.
And every wandering bee the flower that sips,
And every bending cowslip-leaf that dips
Into the flowing rivulet—is held
And in resistless vassalage compelled
Onward, by that strong tide whose course sublime
Sinks into vast eternity from time.
'Tis the same Power which from the womb of night
Calls up the dawn, and with his presence bright
Bids the sun waken into glorious birth,
And pour his spreading splendours o'er the earth
With ever-glowing, ever-growing strength,
Till reaching his meridian height at length:
It is the same mysterious, mighty Power
That helps the cause of progress every hour,
And—part of Heaven's benign transcendent plan—
Develops all that's great and good in man,
And makes him worthier in this world to be
The heir of Heaven,—the son of Deity.

The Lord's Prayer.

"Teach us to pray!" attentive at His word,
His true disciples listened to their Lord.
And these the gracious sounds which He repeated:
"Father! our Father! who in heaven art seated,
Be thy name hallowed, let thy Kingdom come,
E'en as in heaven in this our earthly home,
Thy will be ever done. Our wants relieve,
And daily, daily bread in mercy give;
Forgive our debts, as to our debtors we
Would theirs forgive, and not less cheerfully.
Save us from all temptation. Strength divine!
The kingdom, power, and glory all be Thine."

Blessings.

The multifarious blessings Heaven has given,
Great, various, wonderful, in their amount,
Are but the reckoning which man holds with Heaven,
And for which Heaven demands a strict account.

The Beauties of Creation.

"Christian Record," January, 1873.

I KNOW not why a well-trained mind
Should aught but light and beauty find
In this mysterious home of earth.
It seems to me more bright, more fair,
More gay and radiant everywhere,
From its first budding into birth.

And when we, like the Ephemeræ,
After a season pass away,
The earth will not be wrapped in gloom;
But sweeter music, lovelier flowers,
And brighter suns, this world of ours
Will bless in happier days to come.

Yet we—the mists and cloud between—
Have heavenly rays of comfort seen,
Rays that will never die;
The darkened clouds are changing ever,
And suns and planets never, never
Fail to illuminate the sky.

They rose at first, are rising still,
Obedient to that Heavenly will
Which rules alike the great, the small:
It marked our path, it guides our way
Towards that everlasting day
Where blessèd light shall beam on all.

God Everywhere.

KNOW the minutest grain of sand,
The smallest drop of sparkling dew,
Bear impress of the Almighty hand
As much as suns and systems do;
For all proclaim and all record
The all-potent, omnipresent Lord.

The slightest movement of the breeze
Which bends the flowers or shakes the trees,
Or ripples river, lake, or stream,
Would man but listen—speaks of Him,
As does the loud tornado, when
It thunders down the echoing glen.

Introspection.

How much the uncharitable leaven
Is mingled with our daily fare!
How little do we think of heaven
When earth absorbs us everywhere!
We see our neighbour's fault and sin,
But quite forget to look *within*.

We sit in judgment on another,
And with impatient zeal condemn
The slightest failing of a brother:
If they to us, and we to them,
Deny forgiveness,—have we not
The lessons of our Lord forgot?

Would we who scan a neighbour's eye
To find a trifling mote alone,
Remember that we might descry
A blinding beam within our own,
It would a marvellous lesson be
To check and cure uncharity.

Slavery.

Can a vast interest veil a monstrous curse
And make it like a virtue? can the din
Whose thunders drown the wail of slavery's sin
O'erwhelm the voice—the sanctity divine
That stamps oppression with the Eternal's curse,
And makes the tyrant hateful to the soul?
Foul is the very fact of servitude,
But the vile pleadings that defend it, worse:
Enough to reap the harvest with the shame,
Enough to bear the burthen and the blame,

But to hold up the fetters of the poor
And prostrate slaves as trophies, and to claim
A Gospel heritage, a Christian name,
O this is more than patience can endure!

Look on the Bright Side.

While through life's tangled paths you rove,
Watch every onward footstep duly;
And if there's little life to love,
O love that little warmly,—truly.

Should pleasure's rays be faint and few,
Let them their every smile retain,
And hope some future may renew
The half-extinguished light again.

While through this troubled world you rove,
Be not to its attractions blind;
And if you find not much to love,
Love well the little that you find.

Thy visitations all-benign
The earth illume—the earth o'erflow;
That ever-gracious smile of Thine
Brings light from mists and joy from woe.

The Innocence of Infancy.

Hymn written to be sung by the Children of Dissenting School. 1860.

With gentle words and gracious look,
The loving Saviour spoke and smiled;
When in His welcoming arms He took
A happy child, and blessed the child.

For childhood's earliest day begins
In the bright heaven of innocence,
Ere wand'ring thoughts or tempting sins
Seduce its erring footsteps thence.

Would that, as following years roll on,
Life's infant brightness might endure,
And leave us, when those years are gone,
Pure, as a happy child is pure!

O God! who veil'st the future o'er,
Through whose thick darkness none can see,
Protect, preserve, redeem, restore
The innocence of infancy.

The Dawning of the Day.

O THE world is full of woe!
  When will it pass away?
These heavings to and fro
  Till the dawning of the day,
Like the ocean when 'tis vexed,
  And the whirlwinds tear the waves,
So the nations are perplexed
  With their sovereigns and their slaves.

The battle-hour is come
  'Twixt the many and the few,
And the blood of Christendom
  Is scattered like the dew.
Great Heaven! conduct them, do,
  In the terrible affray—
That the tossings to and fro
  Bring the dawnings of the day.

The dawning of the day
  Of the Gospel promises,
When Freedom shall display
  Her panoply of peace;
And the peoples shall be one,
  And know no name but friend—
Millennium's day begun,
  And never, never end!

Pleasures of Memory.

THE old have had their days of hope,
They worked as through a telescope,
  On years to come;—which came and fled,
But left sweet vestiges behind,
In Memory's heart of hearts enshrined,
  The joys of love—the sainted dead.

And Memory stands where Hope once stood,
Musing on the vicissitude
  Which in the future blinds the past,
The will be,—has been,—shade on shade
Succeeding,—till time's scenes are made
  A twilight dimly traced at last.

Divine Influence.

O HUMBLE thy heart in His sight,
  Who all that heart's weaknesses knows;
His o'erflowing of mercy and might
  All strength, all salvation bestows.
Our clouds are dispersed by His light,
Our blindness is cleared by His sight.

In the coldness of life, in the ashes
Of death, there is hidden a spark,
Which, breathed on by Deity, flashes
Its rays on the destinies dark
Of man—in his pilgrimage drear,
Of man—on his death-bed and bier.

Thy Will be done.

Father, I bend before Thy sacred shrine,
In grateful reverence to Thy will divine,
And I, Thy child, rejoicing, make it mine
Because, oh! all benignant One, 'tis Thine.
Guided by Thee, I know that each design
Is love and mercy; and in every line
Can trace a purpose, blessèd and benign.
How should I then reprove Thee or repine,
Whose highest ends with gentlest means entwine,
In whom all wisdom, kindness, care combine?

The Blessed Dead.

Is it not death to summon all
The records of the past—to call,
From every niche in Memory's hall,

The fancies of departed hours,
And find a desolate blank around
A stormy sea—a barren ground
Pitch darkness—and a sullen sound
That fades, while gathering silence lowers?

Is it not death? The dead are free,
The past is past, for them and me
To all that was—and ceased to be;
And far as they—and lost as they
To childhood's joys—to youth's gay dream—
To manhood's early gladdening gleam—
Time's stream—time's ever-rolling stream—
Hath borne us, e'en like them, away.

Time! they are slumbering and are blest,
We slumber, but with aching breast,
We die—but do not know the rest.
Yet know—they have no earthly care,
No earthly discords shock their ears,
No earthly sorrows force their tears,
No earthly dangers rouse their fears,
At rest! O could we join them there!

The Future of Mankind.

We copy from the pages of a contemporary the following beautiful lines addressed by *Sir W. à Beckett*

To Sir John Bowring.

What is the future of mankind,
Its progress or its light to me,
In the deep craving of my mind
That it may now illumined be?
Not for himself, but for his race,
Shall I be told that man was made?
Is earth, then, his abiding place?
And are his bones beneath it laid,
Manure-like, but to pave the way
For crops of more enlightened clay?

It cannot be. Sufficient light
Hath man for all God asks of Him,
Though now it may be clear and bright,
And now it be but faint and dim.
Such difference is of His design
Whose ends beyond our knowledge lie;
We know that they *must* be benign,
That all goes well beneath His eye,
Who rules and watches from above
The work of His almighty love.

For each of us the time and place
That shape our doom is now and here;
And in ourselves we all may trace
Enough to make our duty clear.
Not in the page of any book,
Give it what sacred name we may,
Must we alone for guidance look;
The Bible of supremest sway
Lives in the human heart and mind,
As all who seek it there will find.

The world is wiser for its age;
But He who progress made its law,
Well pondered each successive stage,
Nor one repents that he foresaw.
"Better than cycle of Cathay—
Of Europe fifty years." Is't so?
How dare we aught were better say
Than *is*—until we better know!
Throughout the Future—Present—Past—
God is o'er all, from first to last.

Truth in Progress.

The subjoined poem having been addressed to Sir John Bowring, he wrote for the Paper in which it was published the following Reply to Sir W. à Beckett.

YES! hopeful—trustful—onward ever,
Each helping each—all urging all;
The mighty stream, receding never;
The rippling flow—the waterfall.
Slow—swift, but irresistibly,
Rolls the grand tide of tendency!

There are who moor their heavy barge,
As fain to stop the river's course,
But there it rots upon the marge:
While with untired, majestic force,
As planets circling round the sun,
The confluent current hastens on.

Whither? we know not; but we know
The law of progress—better, best;
More thought, more truth, more beauty glow,
As in their varying race or rest
Our still advancing spirits move,
Towards wider spheres of light and love.

The Light of the Spirit.

THE summer was made by Thee,
There's joy and hope in its birth,
There's joy in its memory,
'Tis the festival of earth.

In the rays of the summer sun
Its beauty,—its light,—its love,
We may trace the Eternal One
As He rules and smiles above.

But where is the summer of mind,
And where the sun of the soul,
To brighten, to bless, to bind,
And overlook the wholé?

From the same creative Might
Which the glorious noon has given,
Descends the Spirit's light,
And all shines down from Heaven.

Brotherly Love.

THE strong and sovran links that bind
The sympathizing mind with mind,
Were moulded in the courts above;
And kind design of Heavenly love,

For wondrous workings to be done,
By mingling many hearts in one.
In one! That holy unity
Which in God's purposes we see,
Doth all in one communion blend;
Love is their origin and end,
While the best fruits of love we bless,
In peace, and truth, and happiness.

If any thought could make us blest,
And put all doubts, all fears at rest,
'Tis this—that God, who all controls,
Shepherd and Saviour of our souls,
Has unto us the promise given,
And made us sons and heirs of heaven.
And while our eyes, around us glancing,
Streams, fountains, plains, and forests see
Unchanged, while man is still advancing,
Immutable his destiny.

And what his fathers saw of old,
He and his children will behold;
The seasons, in their wonted bounds
Still following their eternal rounds.
While man is marching—marching on,
Until his earthly race is done;
And other generations will
Follow his course—progressive still,
In that divine and upward path,
Which neither end nor limit hath.

'Tis in this forward march that man
To man is most allied, and can
So best promote that brotherhood
Which, being better understood,
Will most extend the field of good;
And be a mighty talisman,
Working its wondrous mission out,
In spite of weakness, fear, and doubt.

Hymn,

Suggested by Mrs. Barrett Browning's beautiful paraphrase of Psalm 127, v. 2.

In our unreason and unrest,
How little know we what is best!
How little can explore the deep
Whence emanates our weal and woe!
But this we feel, and this we know,
"God giveth His beloved sleep."

He, while we ramble far about
In realms of darkness and of doubt,
Doth His eternal counsels keep;
Watches our ways, supplies our needs,
Strengthens the weak, the wanderer leads,
And "giveth His beloved sleep!"

But gifts there are which, though pursued
With passion by the multitude,
  Who idly sow, and blindly reap;
Rank, fortune, fame, not these—not these—
Are God's supreme benignities:
  "He giveth His beloved sleep!"

His own belovèd,—they are not
Of princely pomp or lofty lot,—
  The gay, the vain, the proud, who sweep
The noisy paths of life along;
To some serener joys belong—
  "He giveth His beloved sleep!"

Sleep, sweetest dowry! gift divine
To thirsting souls, to hearts that pine,
  To world-o'erwearied eyes that weep;
To these He brings a blest release,
Prepares a bed of endless peace,
  And "giveth *His* beloved sleep!"

Ohne hast und ohne Rast.

"Ohne hast und ohne Rast,"
  Is the immutable decree
Of the present,—of the past,—
  Of the future,—and shall be
Long as time itself shall last,
  Even through eternity.

Never resting, never hasting,
Cycled centuries roll away;
Time repairs what time is wasting,
Years restore what years decay:
Laws eternal rule the whole,
Charm the sense, and raise the soul.

O what marvellous Eye, inspecting,
Sees the immeasurable scene;
O what wondrous Hand, directing,
Guides the complicate machine:
Tiring, wandering, lingering never,
Lasting unimpaired for ever!

Laborare est orare.

"To labour is to pray"—a truth
Brought from old times for me and you,
Fit to be learnt by age and youth,
A word as useful as 'tis true:
In healthful labour, silent prayer,
A welcome offering may be there.

Where? When? How?

WHERE? Tell me what shall be the spot
Where I shall rest from earthly care?
You need not tell—it matters not
To senseless dust and ashes—where!

When? Shall it be my mortal fate
Longer or shorter to remain
Waiting for death or soon, or late?
How little does it matter when!

How? That is wrapt in mystery;
I ask not its solution now:
He who directs all issues,—He,
And He alone, can order—how!

But this my trust, my joy shall be,
The where, the when, the how, are His
Whose infinite benignity
Is love and light, and peace and bliss!

The Teachings of God in Nature.

NOT in shifting undulations
Has the word of God been spoken,
But in constant revelations,
Never silent, never broken.

Not in sudden brightness glaring,
Soon to be obscured in night,
But in glories ever streaming
From an ever-loving light.

Not alone in books we read His
Lessons, always broadly given;
Man will find them where his need is,
Everywhere in earth and heaven.

Every sunbeam is a letter
In the ever-glowing word;
Yet more eloquent and better
In the heart's responses heard.

Heard when the astounding thunders
Burst upon our listening ears,
Yet more plainly in the wonders
Of the music of the spheres.

Sound and silence ever giving
Equal witness—weal and woe—
Sleeping—waking—dying—living,
All around, above, below.

Gospel Teachings.

THERE was a *day* in ancient time
(It took its name from the bright *Sun*
That beams upon the orient clime),
When in the ripened corn-fields One
Of God's most eloquent instructors, wheat
Plucked from the ear, and to the crowd
Uttered His gentle mandate loud,
"These are Heaven's gifts—rejoice and eat."

"The Sabbath," said the holy sage,
"Was made for man a cheerful day;
When those I teach, from age to age,
Should be both gratulant and gay.
I bring them no lugubrious word,
I call them unto love and light,
And little they obey the Lord
Who make religion gloom and night."

Elevated Aims.

O GARLAND not the worthless weeds
Which shade the sweet flowers in the meads,
Neglecting the most bright and fair
Like undiscerning zealots do,
Who rather love the false than true,
And to the grain prefer the tare.

Strange, that so many set their store
Not on the glorious golden ore,
  But in the very worthless dross;
Their minds with heaps of rubbish filled,
Untrained—unexercised—unskilled
  To sever mental gain from loss.

Ours be a higher, nobler goal,
To cultivate the sense and soul,
  Not with the useless and the rude;
But with truth's ever-during charm
The powers of darkness to disarm,
  And fill the world with light and good.

Adam's Fall.

You tell me Adam fell,—he fell,—
  What has his fall to do with me?
If we but walk erect and well,
  What matters it to us that he
Fell,—listening to the Syren tongue
Of one who on his bosom hung?

The offence, whate'er it was, was his!
  As my offences must be mine;
And all that was, and all that is,
  Beneath the Sovereign Eye divine,
Fit pain or penalty shall meet,
From the all-judging mercy-seat.

Omnipotence.

As planets round the central sun
  In their eternal orbits shine,
  So million lamps of light divine
Circle about *The only One.*
That *only One*—the first, the last,
Lord of the future,—present,—past,
He over all,—alone,—supreme,
  The unseen,—the unapproachable,
Near whom all other lights are dim.

Inquiries.

What need we care for when or where
  The seed was grown the harvest grew,
If in its fruits, when gathered there,
  We find the good, the wise, the true
Bringing the beautiful and bright,—
Why ask me whence the heavenly light?

'Twas not alone on Gherizim,
  Not only at Jerusalem,
That man has heard the holiest hymn,
  That man has seen the loveliest gem
From Heaven above, descending down
T'illume the cave—or deck the crown.

The Restless Sea.

THE restless—restless sea,
By night,—by day,—in ebb and flow,—
Yet every shifting tide, we know,
Is driven by that eternal law
Which has no failing, fault, or flaw,—
  Which ruled, and rules eternally.

It takes its course from day to day
  In changeless changes, resistless power,
  Rises and falls from hour to hour,
Impelled by an Almighty sway.
  We know the present,—know the past,—
  And know that it will ever last.

For the same Wisdom which at first
  Created all, and all maintains,
Will be omnipotent as erst,
  While twilight, light, or darkness reigns;
But to the mind that views aright,
There is no darkness,—all is light.

Chivalry.

Now tell me what is chivalry?
To battle in the foremost fight
For anything—for wrong—for right,
For some fair lady's scornful smile,
For what is virtuous, what is vile,
Come, tell me, is this chivalry?

No! in the men for truth who pant,
In wretchedness and woe and want,
Who bear the world's contemptuous hate,
With patient soul, with heart elate.
No! in the woman in whose home
No peace is found, no comforts come,
Yet bends in silence,—feeling still
'Tis God's most kind, most holy will,
This—this is truest chivalry!

Brotherhood of Humanity.

From the sacred banks, where Ganges
Pours its strong, majestic flood,
From Himalaya's mountain ranges
Come the strains of brotherhood;
Brotherhood's fraternal strain,
Which the West shouts back again.

In the warmth of love's embraces,
Brothers all of every tongue,
Of all colours, ranks, and races,
To one family belong;
Marching on their various road,
Children of a common God.

The Life of Christ.

THE *Life* of Christ!—that loveliest book,
Of all man's trust, the history;
On which admiring ages look
With ever-growing sympathy.

The *Life* of Christ!—could miracles
Make that bright history brighter shine?
Add to the touching tales it tells,
The works of love,—the words divine?

The *Life* of Christ!—that life survives,
And speaks with an undying breath,—
A life more grand than other lives,
A life which triumphs over death.

The *Life* of Christ!—that man whom men
Have deified,—yet through the glare
Have less of truth and virtue seen
Than in their natural grace, as there.

Forgive, as we hope to be forgiven.

KIND Father of the human race,
From whom we come, in whom we live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O! forgive.

We know there's much to be forgiven—
Our meaner thoughts of earthly birth;
We know we cannot hope for heaven
In these inferior realms of earth.

And yet of heaven we have a taste,
Of brighter blessing from above,
When over our mean earthly waste
There beams Heaven's radiant light of love.

Evils of Ignorance.

FROM hollowest things the harshest noises
Come forth,—from trumpet, fife, or drum;
From shallowest minds, the loudest voices
In overwhelming cataracts come!
Where ignorance is most apparent,
There stands presumption, close ally;
Where darkest folly dwells inherent,
There is the boldest shout and cry.

Hopes of Futurity.

Why is the voice of wisdom hushed
At some stern despot's harsh command?
Why the inquiring spirit crushed
By prelate, or by princely hand?

Why is the uptending reason kept
In some foul prison, dreary, dark?
Why must we sleep as those who slept,
Stark-blinded, to the heavenly spark?

Are we not born for brighter days,
By nobler guides securely led?
May we not on the sunshine gaze,
And walk where flowers and fruits are spread?

While circling stars and central sun,
And moons and moons and planets roll,
And rivers in their currents run,
Say, what shall stop the advancing soul?

Doing Good.

Written for a School.

If the hours of life are fleeting,
Let those hours be well employed!
Working, resting, parting, meeting,
Life was given to be enjoyed.

And the enjoyment that is meetest,
In this life's vicissitude,
Best, and holiest, and sweetest,
Is the bliss of doing good.

Doing good! 'tis this that measures
Every merit, every claim:
Life's a school, and books are treasures
To direct us in our aim.
Wisely taught and well directed,
May our fleeting hours be past,
And by Heavenly care protected,
May we meet in heaven at last.

Unity of God.

For the opening of Christ Church, Devonport.

UNDIVIDED Unity!
Thankfully and reverently,
Father, God! we raise to Thee
This memorial pile!
Smile upon Thy servants now,
Hear their prayer—accept their vow,—
Source of light and love, do Thou
On our worship smile.

Here may Truth her wings extend;
Here may zeal and knowledge blend;
Here may friend encourage friend,
In the onward road,
Which through gladness and through gloom,
Thorns that wound, and flowers that bloom,
Cradle, pilgrimage, and tomb,
Leads us all to God! Amen.

Scepticism.

If to deny that God hath cursed the child,
And doomed it to perdition—to deny
That He, who sits and reigns above the sky,
Hath, in His unquenched wrath and vengeance wild,
Doomed man to endless misery, then am I
An unbeliever bold; and though reviled,
Will lift an energetic voice on high,
And call on Heaven, as merciful as mild,
To help me to denounce the calumny
Which outrages thy Providence and Thee,
Making Thee not a Father, but a fiend.
No! this is not religion—this is not
A divine beauty, but a damnèd blot—
Wash it out, every wave! disperse it, every wind!

The Bible.

Who is my Christian brother linked with me
In true communion? He, with whom I look
In common reverence on that sacred Book,
Where, mingled with divinest truth, we see
The vestiges of man's infirmity;
The ignorance which, half-informed, mistook
The seeming for the real. As the brook
Conveys the worthless pebbles to the sea,
With the rich waters, which in mists ascend,
And will fall down in earth-refreshing showers,
So are the blessings of the Bible ours!
Where truths sublimely, beautifully blend,
With the records of virtue, where abide
More light, more love, than in all books beside.

Confidence.

Is it not strange that men who loudest boast
Of the unshaken basis of their faith,
Are those who tremble most and threaten most,
If any thought or word of doubt gainsayeth
Their bold asseverations? They are lost
In their perplexities, if e'er the torch
Of light intrude into their dark recess;
They fly like midnight spectres from the porch

Of Truth's resplendent temples, where the sun
Shines with mist-scattering majesty upon
Their fears, their follies, and their feebleness.
Sad contrast to that greatly-gifted one
Whose counsel was: "Prove all things, and hold fast
By what is good!—for what is good will last."

Eternal Punishment.

STRANGE faith! strange fancy! that can revel
In doctrines which, if true, would make
Of man, a wretch;—of God, a devil—
And our salvation a mistake;
And the Eternal's proclamation
A very fiat of damnation!

The Good Samaritan.

PASSING Berytus' ancient strand,
I journeyed in the Holy Land,
And made my way to Sychar's wall;
And there, within his princely hall,
By the kind ruler of the place
Was welcomed. Stretching out his hand,
With wonted Oriental grace;

Then said he smilingly: "Now come,
And make my house your own—your home."
He led me to his soft divan,
Where stood a grave Samaritan,
One of the few of that sad band,
Thin scattered o'er their native land,
Where still they chant their grateful hymn
Upon the sainted Gherizim.
He took me to the temple there,
And with a reverential air
Placed in my hands, while he unrolled,
That record, so rumoured of old,
Which speaks in language clear and bold
What seemed celestial words to him:
"Avoid the tempting words of them
Who worship at Jerusalem:
Go thou and thine to Gherizim."
"What brings you, Christian, to this place?
What interests you in our poor race?"
He asked. I told him, smiling too,
Of that sweet tale our youth had heard,
And charmed the wondering sheikh appeared,
Exclaiming—"O, that tale is true!"
This was the tale. A certain man,
While journeying from Jerusalem
To Jericho, met robber bands,
And fell into their treacherous hands:
They robbed him, wounded him, and fled,
Leaving their victim nearly dead.

A certain priest passed there by chance,
And turned with an averted glance
On t'other side. A Levite then
Came—looked, and with cold disdain
He marched away. But lo! at last,
By pity moved, a traveller passed,
And raised the weary, wounded man—
That traveller, a Samaritan!

He gave him wine to drink: he poured
The fragrant oil upon his breast;
And heart, and hope, and strength restored,
He placed him on his cherished beast;
Conveyed him to an inn, and there
Commended him to every care;
And, ere he left, he called the host,
"And here are pennies two," he said:
"Know that thy kindness is not lost;
All, all, shall amply be repaid:
All that thou spendest I'll repay,
Thankful, at some not distant day."
Now hear the voice of Jesus say,
"These are the deeds I ask of you:
This is the friend, the neighbour true,
My follower is this pitying man,
And he is a Samaritan.
So learn the lesson now from me,
And diligently do as he."

Buddhism.

ABSTRACTION from all thought, all care, all love,
All hatred and all sympathy; can *this*—
This soul-annihilation—be Heaven's bliss?
This, virtue's highest recompense above,
After life's turbulent troubles? *This* Divine—
This worthy of the Godhead? Higher far,
Even as infinites to nothings are,
The very feeblest dawnings which enshrine
Our God, *our* Father! for, though faint and dim
Our visual organs, yet we see in *them*—
All active as creation—neither rest
Nor weariness, but from the source of might
He pours out ceaseless tides of love and light—
Blessing with busiest energies, and blest!

Resurrection.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."—1 Cor. ch. xv. v. 20.

CHRIST is risen from the dead—He is risen,
First fruit of the sleeping is He;
He rose from death's desolate prison,
He hath made all His followers free!

He is risen—is risen! Our voices,
To hail the great triumph unite,
While earth from its centre rejoices,
And heaven re-echoes delight.

He is risen—is risen! The tiding
From planet to planet afar
On the wings of the lightning is riding;
Star heralds the vict'ry to star.
Generation salutes generation,
With the mighty, the magical word;
All space and all time shout, "Salvation!"
In the name of the conquering Lord.

Faith, Hope, Charity.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."—1 Cor. ch. xiii. v. 13.

HEAVEN'S great triad still abideth,
The divinely blended Three,—
Faith, Hope, and Charity,—
Over all supreme presideth.

Faith in Him whose love protecteth,
And through sorrow, sin, and strife,
As His power to all gave life,
All controlleth, all directeth.

Hope—that like a constellation,
Ever smiling from above,
Brings with ever-living love
God's bright promise of salvation.

Charity—of all supremest,
Greatest, noblest of the three—
Beam upon us, Charity!
Bringing blessings as thou beamest.

Forgiveness.

"Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."
Luke ch. xxiii. v. 34.

Look to Jesus—sufferings gather
Round Him, piercing through and through:
Hear Him—"O forgive them, Father,
For they know not what they do!"

Great their crimes, but His compassion
Than those crimes is greater still,
While He bends in lowliest fashion
To the Father's sovereign will.

When injustice, when oppression,
Our unguarded steps pursue,
Let us make the sweet confession,
That "they know not what they do."

And in patience and in meekness
To the tempest bow our head,
And with sighs for mortal weakness,
Dwell on what the Saviour said:

Words of holiest resignation,
Soothing words and strengthening too,
Words of hope and consolation—
For "they know not what they do."

Confidence in God.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Matt. ch. iv. v. 34.

Await not with dismay
To-morrow's threatening things;
Sufficient to the day
The evil that it brings.

O take no anxious thought,
If clouds of gloom prevail;
The past its blessings brought,
The future shall not fail.

Who feeds the fluttering birds,
Who paints the lily's cheeks,
In gracious smiles and words
To listening children speaks?

Sufficient to the day
The evil that it brings;
To-morrow's brighter ray
Has healing on its wings.

In God's paternal care
Find safety, comfort, rest;
Its bounties boundless are,
Its visitations blest.

Man's Destiny.

Man is not wholly vile though he
May here a passing pilgrim be;
For he can speed across the sea—
Soar to the sky, or delve the mine;
From world to world exploring run,
Measure the distance of the sun,
And, touched by the Divinest One,
Feels he has impulses divine!

Earth is a noble pyramid,
Upreared by Heaven:—if Heaven forbid
Our reading all that may be hid
Behind death's veil, let no distrust
Disturb our peace—for God is there,
As He is here, and everywhere,
The Saviour and the Comforter,
All-wise, almighty, and all just.

Our Father and our Friend! around,
Above, below, we see Him crowned
With beauty, and from light profound
  Sowing His blessings full and free;
His providence, when understood,
Will out of evil bring forth good
And all earth's sad vicissitude
  Melt into heaven's felicity.

Resurrection.

SPRING is but another birth,
  From the grave of earlier springs,
Which to renovated earth
  Other resurrection brings.

God hath moulded all that God's
  Power could mould, from mortal dust;
Flowers and fruits, from clouds and clods,
  Life from ruin and from rust.

'Twas a wondrous hand that laid
  In the seed the unborn tree;
Bud and blossom in the blade,
  Future ripened fruit to be.

Still more wondrous was the might
  That, from night's obscurest shrine,
Brought forth intellectual light,
  Souls with thoughts and hopes divine.

Yes! 'twas a transcendent power
Which, from earth's contracted whole,
Gave to heaven a worthy dower,
Gave an ever-living soul.

Less than earth to heaven, and less
Than to ages moments seem,
Is the world we now possess,
To the world of which we dream.

Earthly love is faint and small,
When compared with the embrace
Of a love encircling all,
Through all time and o'er all space.

Salvation.

"Sing no more the song of Moses!"
Sing a loftier, louder lay!
For the time of twilight closes,
And then dawns th' eternal day.
A still nobler revelation
Beams resplendent from above,
Bearing on its wings "Salvation,"
Scattering truth, and light, and love.

"Sing no more the song of Moses!"
Sing with a diviner breath!
Fairer flowers than Sharon's roses
Have been culled in Nazareth.

Ancient fetters have been broken;
  Heaven is opened, earth is free;
A sublimer voice hath spoken,
  "Come ye weary ones, to me."

Aspiration after higher Truth.

One and universal Father!
Here in reverent thought we gather,
  Seeking light in honouring Thee;
Free our souls from error's fetter;
Make us wiser—make us better;
  Be our guide—our guardian be!

Not in mean and vile prostration
Pour we out our adoration;
  No! to Thee, to Thee we turn,
Looking onward, upwards ever,
Following light and truth wherever
  Light and truth may beam and burn.

To the paths of life to win us,
Thou, O God, did'st plant within us
  Aspirations high and bright;
Bring us to Thy presence nearer,
Let us see Thy glories clearer,
  Till all mists shall melt in light.

Joy after Sorrow.

As when the deluge waves were gone,
  Hills, plains, and vales in freshness burst,
And nature's earliest rainbow shone
  On scenes more lovely than the first.

Loosed from the ark a heavenly dove,
  The promise branch of olive bore—
Pledge of returning peace and love,
  That beamed more brightly than before.

So when affliction's waters glide
  From the enfranchised soul away;
More peaceful, pure, and sanctified,
  The soul emerges into day.

And then, as with the olive bough
  The heavenly dove of old drew near,
Some gentle words of truth will flow
  In holy music on the ear.

O'er all the transient things of time
  The oblivious foot of years hath trod,
But all that's sacred and sublime
  Stands steadfast as the truth of God.

God's Paternal Care.

FATHER! Thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide:
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has Thy hand of love supplied:

Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope Thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;

Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at Thy shrine;
These, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest,—all are Thine.

And for all my hymns shall rise
Daily to Thy gracious throne;
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, righteous One!

Through life's strange vicissitude,
There reposing all my care;
Trusting still through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

Evening Praises.

How shall we praise Thee, Lord of light!
How shall we all Thy love declare!
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer.

That heaven so bright with stars and suns,
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.

We would adore Thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.

Help us to praise Thee, Lord of light!
Help us Thy boundless love declare,
And while we fill Thy courts to-night,
Aid us and hearken to our prayer.

Jesus teaching the People.

How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven He came,—of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His follower's way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come all ye weary ones and rest;"
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come—
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest!

Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Hymn.

The offerings to Thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.

Upon Thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere—
The tribute of the good.

My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by Thee;
If Thy pure spirit touch my heart
With its own purity.

O may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love;
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some ray from heaven above.

Perpetual Praise.

When wakened by Thy voice of power,
The hour of morning beams in light,
My voice shall sing that morning hour,
And Thee who mad'st that hour so bright.

The morning strengthens into noon,
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair;
And noon and morning shall attune
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.

When 'neath the evening's western gate
The sun's retiring rays are hid,
My joy shall be to meditate,
Even as the pious patriarch did.

As twilight wears a darker hue,
And gathering night creation dims,
The twilight and the midnight too
Shall have their harmonies and hymns.

So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,
My constant inspirations be;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God! a light from Thee.

Divine Influences.

THOU, whose high praise in heaven and earth is sung,
Each heart pervading, tuning every tongue;
Thou, whom my soul devoutly would confess
In joy's bright hour,—nor in affection's less;
Whose mercy in the sunshine and the storm
Alike is active,—whose invisible form
Rides in the hurricane;—Thou whose depths profound,
And heights sublime, not earth nor heaven can sound;
Infinite power, and goodness without bound!
Thou unseen cause, conductor, end of all,
We know Thee not,—yet God and Father call.
We know Thee not,—but know and feel thou art:
Our eye can see Thee not; but, Lord! our heart
Is touched as with Thy spirit, and even now
I feel Thee,—feel Thee in this holy glow.
A peace, which none but Thou could'st give, inspires
My bosom;—heavenly aspiration fires
My towering thoughts. O God! what breath but Thine
Could kindle aspirations so divine!
Benignant condescension! that Thy ray
Should send its brightness through a clod of clay,
And raise to Thy abode,—to heaven,—to Thee,—
The poor weak children of mortality!
Thus privileged, let my spirit-rousing thought,
Which vainly seeks to praise Thee as it ought,

Pour forth its humble strains. Eternal Lord!
Thy majesty might crush the embryo word
With its gigantic presence; but Thy love
Gives it a voice, and wafts its tones above.
Grant me, Eternal One! Thy light to cheer,
Thy hand to guide me, while I journey here;
Thy grace to help, Thy peace my soul to fill,
And sorrow's storm may thunder if it will.
I am supported by Thy holy arm,—
The cloud may burst,—but O it cannot harm.
I say not, "Shield me, Father, from distress,"
But "Wake my heart to truth and holiness."
I ask not that my earthly course may run
Cloudless, but humbly, "Let Thy will be done."
The peace the world can give not, nor destroy,
The love which is the greatest, and the joy
That's given to angels,—to perceive and own
That all Thy will is light and truth alone,
And bliss-producing;—these, and such as these,
Be mine;—the vain world's fleeting vanities—
Pomps, pleasures, riches, honours, glory, pride,
(Idols by man's perverseness deified,)
I envy not.—Do Thou my steps control,—
Erect devotion's temple in my soul;
And there my God! my King! unrivalled sway:
So let existence, like a Sabbath day,
Glide softly by; and let that temple be
A shrine devoted all to truth and Thee.

Hymn.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends—O Father! hear it!
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight—who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour; our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away—and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

O how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering—Thou invitest
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call—appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
That voice paternal—whispering, watching ever,
My bosom?—never.

Father and Saviour! plant within that bosom
These seeds of holiness—and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark portal
Becomes immortal.

Hymn.

He who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely;
Diligent while yet 'tis day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely.
Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.

Thus he moves from stage to stage,
  Smiles of earth and Heaven attending;
Softly sinking down to age,
  And at last to death descending.
Cradled in its quiet sleep,
  Calm as summer's loveliest even,
He shall sleep the hallowed sleep—
  Sleep, that is o'erwatched by Heaven.

Till that day of days shall come,
  When th' archangel's trumpet breaking
Through the silence of the tomb,
  All its prisoners awaking;
He shall hear the thund'ring blast,
  Burst the chilling bands that bound him,
To the throne of glory haste,
  All heaven's splendours op'ning round him.

Hymn.

Why should dreams so dark and dreary
    Fill my thought?
    Is there nought,
Nought to soothe and bless the weary?
Night may wrap the arch of heaven—
    Soon a ray,
    Bright with day,
Cheers the morn and gilds the even.

I have seen the mountain hidden
In a shroud—
Mist and cloud;
Say, was hope or joy forbidden?
No!—I knew its summit hoary
Soon would rise,
'Midst the skies,
Girt with green and crowned with glory.

Many a stream with song of gladness,
Many a rill,
Silent, still,
Winter binds in chains of sadness,—
Many a water-fall and river:—
Summer's wand
Breaks their band,
And their music ceases never.

Is the sun in heaven no longer,
When the rain
Sweeps the plain?
Soon he blazes brighter—stronger.
Is the flow'ret's sleep eternal,
When its cup,
Folded up,
Waits the smiles and breezes vernal?

Why should man, then—child of sorrow—
Mourn his doom?
Present gloom
Will be light and bliss to-morrow.

Why should man, then, bound his vision
To the cell
Where we dwell?
Worlds are his—and worlds elysian.

Even here all pain is fleeting;
Even here,
Joy and care
Join in constant, earnest greeting:
But where all our hopes are tending,
Peace and love
Reign above—
Bliss unbroken—joy unending.

Hymn.

FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy love
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear—Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
But *this* we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

And through the various maze of time,
And through th' infinity of space,
We follow Thy career sublime,
And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

Mysteries of Providence.

LORD! in the unbeginning years,
Whose course is wrapt in trackless night,
Ere Thou hadst launched the heavenly spheres,
Or waked this wandering world to light,
What were Thy words, Thy works,—and how
Didst Thou Thy glorious march record?
For Thou wert great and good, as now,
Of love the source, of light the Lord.

And in the unending ages, far
Beyond the utmost reach of mind,
When all that is, and all that are,
Shall leave not e'en a wreck behind:
O what shall be Thy bright career,
Lord of the eternal changeless will?
Thou wilt be there supreme, as here—
All-wise—all-good—almighty still!

Yes! shrouded in the mystery,
The past,—the future's dark abyss,
Bright clouds of splendour circle Thee,
And light Thy path from bliss to bliss.
This is our faith, our hope, our trust,
Through thought's immeasurable range,
Time is a dream, and man is dust—
But Thou—but Thou canst never change!

Communion.

Not with terror do we meet
At the board by Jesus spread;
Not in mystery, drink and eat
Of the Saviour's wine and bread.

'Tis His memory we record,
'Tis His virtues we proclaim;
Grateful to our honoured Lord,
Here we bless His sacred name.

See Him on the dreadful day
Of His mortal agony;
Break the bread and hear Him say,
"Eat of this and think of Me!"

See Him standing on the brink
Of the tomb,—and hark, He cries,
"Drink the wine, and, as you drink,
O remember Him who dies!"

Yes! we will remember Thee,
Friend and Saviour! and thy feast
Of all services shall be
Holiest and welcomest.

Hymn to the Deity.

"There is no sound or language where their voice is not heard."

The heavenly spheres to Thee, O God! attune their evening hymn;
All-wise, All-holy, Thou art praised in song of seraphim;
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds unite to worship Thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills space—time—eternity!

Nature—a temple worthy Thee, that beams with light and love,
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below, whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs that rise along the shore,
Whose anthems, the sublime accord of storm and ocean roar:

Her song of gratitude is sung by spring's awakening hours,
Her summer offers at Thy shrine its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her autumn brings its ripen'd fruits, in glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect Thy brightness back to heaven!

On all Thou smil'st—and what is man, before thy presence, God?
A breath but yesterday inspired,—to-morrow but a clod:
That clod shall moulder in the vale—till kindled, Lord, by Thee,
Its spirit to Thine arms shall spring—to life,—to liberty.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And as it soars, the Gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

Truth, strengthened by the strength of though
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And Wisdom's self become more wise.

More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world.

Flow to restore—but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

Hymn.

If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
O what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
O who would venture then to die—
O who could then endure to live?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal, spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead:
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a flow'ret smiles beneath;
Who could exist in such a tomb?
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given;
'Tis *this* that makes our darkness day;
'Tis *this* that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

Hymn.

"The Righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

EARTH's transitory things decay,
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

As 'midst the ever-rolling sea
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain:

As in the heavens the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine;
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age:

So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

Happy the righteous! come what may,
Though heaven dissolve and earth decay;
Happy the righteous man! for he
Belongs to immortality.

Hymn.

When before Thy throne we kneel,
  Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God! to feel
  All Thy sacred presence near.
Check each proud and wand'ring thought
  When on Thy great name we call;
Man is nought—is less than nought:
  Thou, our God, art all in all.

Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell;
Yet presume to look to Thee,
'Midst Thy light ineffable.
O forgive the praise that dares
Seek Thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our off'rings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One!

Trust in God.

O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord! Thy purpose see;
Yet all is well—since ruled by Thee.

When, mounted on Thy clouded car,
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,
I can discern Thy light afar,
Thy light, sweet beaming through Thy frown;
And should I faint a moment—then
I think of Thee,—and smile again.

So, trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain;
Why should my spirit, then, complain?

God near in Sorrow.

Oh! sweet it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom and wand'rings here,
No night of sorrow can conceal
Man from Thy notice, from Thy care.

When disciplined by long distress,
And led through paths of fear and woe;
Say, dost Thou love Thy children less?
No, ever gracious Father, no!

No distance can outreach Thine eye,
No night obscure Thy endless day;
Be this my comfort when I sigh,
Be this my safeguard when I stray.

Sleep.

Reviving sleep! thy shelt'ring wing
Is o'er the couch of labour spread;
Sweet minister, unearthly thing,
That hovers round the tired one's head.

As calm and cold as mortal clay
When life is fled—earth soundly sleeps,
When evening veils the eye of day,
And darkness rules the ocean deeps.

O, then, Thy spirit, Lord, anew
Enkindles strength in sleeping men;
It falls as falls the evening dew,
And life's sad waste repairs again.

Be nature's gentle slumbers mine,
And lead me gently to the last;
Until I hear Thy voice divine,
"Awake! for death's dark night is past."

What is our Duty here.

WHAT is our duty here? to tend
From good to better, thence to best:
Grateful to drink life's cup—*then bend*
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering sweet fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in mem'ry's light:
And the blest seeds we scattered, bloom
A hundred-fold in days to come.

Evening.

Now the sun is sinking fast,
  Twilight's shadows veil the skies,
And the loveliest and the last
  Beam of gentle evening dies.

In his splendour let the sun
  Drop into his ocean bed:
He again his race shall run,
  Glory circling round his head.

Let him, then, in peace decline,
  Promising a brighter ray;
He again shall splendent shine,
  Kindling all the world with day.

Holy emblem! so shall we
  Sink,—and wake,—and soar above,
Heirs to an eternity—
  An eternity of love.

The Greatest of all is Charity.

When first the Almighty Father's thought
  Created man,—how wondrously
His virtue-giving spirit wrought
  The mystic cords of Charity.

To live for others, and to know
No single, separate interests here;
To feel,—to soothe a brother's woe,
A brother's bliss to seek,—to share.

To scatter happiness o'er all—
To counsel,—pity,—or relieve:
To raise the weary-weak who fall,
And liberal, to lend,—to give.—

Such is the purpose, such the plan
For which our talents here were given;
For God created man for man;—
And earth would be as blest as heaven.

If such a heavenly fruit as this
Spread through the world its generous seed;
Then,—even woe itself were bliss—
And bliss would then be—bliss indeed.

Jesus lives.

"He is not here, He is risen."

Jesus lives, and we in Him;
Jesus from the grave is risen:
He hath burst the darkness dim
Of our narrow earthly prison.

See Him throned in light ascend
To the highest heaven of glory,
See your Brother, see your Friend,
Tracing out your path before ye.

Jesus lives, and He is gone
Blessed mansions to prepare us:
Courage, Christians! travel on,
Heaven and happiness are near us.
Earth is not the Christian's home,
To a better country tending;
Jesus hath subdued the tomb,
See Him o'er its clouds ascending.

Jesus lives, and we shall live,—
Jesus sits enthroned in heaven:
He shall crowns of glory give,
He hath crowns of glory given.
Now the sting of death is past,
Christians! gird your armour on ye—
To your Friend, your Brother haste,
Lo! He waits—He smiles upon ye.

God ever Near.

PEACE, my soul! why doubt or fear?
God is near thee; God is here!
Though thy way be dark and dim,
'Tis illumined still by Him;
And if e'er the break of day
Gild thy path—'tis His the ray.

Prayer for Guidance.

LEAD me through this rugged way,
Friend and Father! God and Guide!
Light me through the darksome day,
To a tranquil eventide.

Shepherd of a wandering flock,
Bring me to Thy heavenly fold,
Be my hope—my staff—my rock—
Let me yet Thy peace behold.

Now a midnight darkness spread
O'er me, round me, frights my soul:
Black as mansions of the dead;
Chilling as the icy pole.

I am lost amid the gloom,
If Thy hand refuse to lead,
Raise me from this wretched tomb,
Lift my weary, aching head.

Thou, and Thou alone, canst tell
All the anguish of my breast;
Pangs untold—unspeakable,
Grief that asks in vain for rest.

If they purify my mind—
If they turn my thoughts to Thee:
Bind—the icy fetters, bind!
Welcome every pain to me!

Trust in God.

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Is life a stormy, painful road?
Short will your journey be;
Mourn not! and as ye believe in God—
Believe in me.

Severe His disciplining rod?
'Tis wise severity:
Faint not! and as ye believe in God—
Believe in me.

All is dependent on His nod,
The God of Nature He;
Sigh not! and as ye believe in God—
Believe in me.

Soon with the valley's clayey clod
Commingled ye will be;
Fear not! and as ye believe in God—
Believe in me.

For they who sleep beneath the sod
Shall wake to liberty;
Rejoice—and as ye believe in God—
Believe in me.

Miserere Me.

O Thou! whose smiling face of light
Can make life's darkness day,
Whose mercies, bountiful and bright,
Can shed o'er sorrow's gloomy night
A rapture-giving ray.
Look down upon the suffering child,
Who, travelling through life's desert wild,
By fear misled,—by hope beguiled,
Hath wandered far astray.

O lead him on, Thou wise and good!
Through this deep wilderness,—
This dark and awful solitude,
Where doubt and dread of dangers rude
And mental bitterness

Have veiled his soul with pall-like gloom—
Have stolen life's beauty and its bloom—
Or else recall him to the tomb,
Where he may sleep in peace.

Morning.

When the arousing call of Morn
Breaks o'er the hills, and Day, new-born,
Comes smiling from the purple East,
And the pure streams of liquid light
Bathe all the earth—renewed and bright,
Uprising from its dream of rest—

O how delightful then, how sweet,
Again to feel life's pulses beat;
Again life's kindly warmth to prove;
To drink anew of pleasure's spring;
Again our matin song to sing
To the great Cause of light and love!

Thou! who didst wake me first from nought,
And led my heaven-aspiring thought
To some faint, feeble glimpse of Thee:
Thou! who did'st touch my slumbering heart,
With Thine own hand—and did'st impart
A portion of Thy deity:

O not in vain to me be given
The joys of earth—the hopes of heaven;
O not in vain may I receive
My Master's talents—but, subdued
And tutored by the soul of good,
To God—to bliss—to virtue live!

Heaven's right-lined path may I discern,
Nor led by pride or folly, turn
A handbreadth from the onward road;
Fight the good fight—the foe subdue,
And wear the heavenly garland too—
A garland from the hand of God!

Evening.

WELCOME the hour of sweet repose,
The sacred closing hour of day!
In peace my wearied eyes shall close
When I have tuned my vesper lay
In humble gratitude to Him
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
In the calm solitude of even,
To hold with Heaven communion meet,
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven;
And in this wilderness beneath,
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe!

It may be that the Eternal Mind
  Bends sometimes from His throne of bliss;
Where should we, then, His presence find,
  But in an hour so blest as this—
An hour of calm tranquillity,
Silent, as if to welcome Thee?

Then turn my wand'ring thoughts within,
  To hold communion, Lord! with Thee;
And, purified from taint of sin
  And earth's pollutions, let me see
Thine image,—for a moment prove,
If not Thy majesty, Thy love.

That love which over all is shed—
  Shed on the worthless as the just;
Lighting the stars above our head,
  And waking beauty out of dust;
And rolling, in its glorious way,
Beyond the farthest comet's ray.

Funeral Hymn.

"Clay to clay, and dust to dust!"
  Let them mingle—for they must!
  Give to earth the earthly clod,
  For the spirit's fled to God.

Dust to dust, and clay to clay!
Ashes now with ashes lay!
Earthly mould to earth be given,
For the spirit's fled to heaven.

Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.

Deep the pit and cold the bed
Where the spoils of death are laid:
Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
Of man's melancholy tomb.

Look aloft! The spirit's risen—
Death cannot the soul imprison:
'Tis in heaven the spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

Thither let us turn our view;
Peace is there and comfort too:
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

Hymn.

"But ye have not his Word abiding in you."

Have ye never heard His voice?
Have ye never seen His form?
Heard Him in the thunder's noise—
Seen Him in the lightning storm?

When He rides upon the cloud,
When He journeys with the sun,
Speaks among the billows loud—
Saw ye not the Almighty One?

When the earthquake tears the ground,
When the whirlwind shakes the air—
Marked ye not His presence round?
Tracked ye not His footsteps there?

Vainly would ye try to find
God below—or God above—
If the spirit of your mind
Be not tuned to peace and love.

Earth and heaven are filled with God,
Everywhere He deigns to dwell;
Humble hearts His own abode—
His beloved receptacle.

Toleration.

I saw, and gladness through my heart's folds ran,
An honest man salute an honest man!
(A hiss or two was heard; but thund'ring loud
Successive plaudits echoed from the crowd.)
He asked not: Is his creed exactly mine?
But! does he seek with me a light divine?
For while through darkness and through doubt we grope
Hope will sustain our faith, and faith our hope,
Till, when the shadows and the clouds are past,
Truth's midday sunshine shall burst forth at last.

Hymn.

Come to the waters, ye who thirst,
The waters of salvation's springs;
Come, ye benighted! to the burst
Of morning, which the Gospel brings.

Lo! from the rock the fountain pouring,
Refreshing,—strengthening,—gladdening all;—
Lo! o'er the hills the glory glowing,
Bright, beautiful, majestical.

They are risen.

THEY are not gone—whom death's dark shroud
Hath curtained from our mortal eye;
They are not gone:
Down to their bed of rest they bowed—
It was their portal to the sky,
The pathway to their throne.

They cannot die—whose being here
Is by its worth immortal made;
They cannot die:
Though the time-wasted sepulchre
In which their vestiges are laid
Crumbled in dust may lie.

They are not dead—whose ashes fill
That melancholy house of clay;
They are not dead:
They live in brighter glory still,
Than ever cheered their earthly way,
Full beaming round their head.

The Heart knoweth its own Bitterness.

THOUGH the stream of being floweth
Calmly to the sea of peace,
Though the weary pilgrim goeth
To his home of sleep and ease—
None, but he who suffers, knoweth
All a spirit's bitterness.

Thoughts there are with misery in them,
Sharper than the wintry wind:
Wounds there are, though none have seen them,
Rankling in the inner mind—
Woes, with not a joy between them,
Dark and vague and undefined.

Is there for a spirit broken,
Is there balm of Gilead here?
Yes! the Lord—the Lord hath spoken,
Draw, ye sons of suffering, near
Christ, the Word—His cross the token—
See the cross—and banish fear.

God alone the fit Object of Praise and Prayer.

For whom but Thee, to whom but Thee,
Shall praise be poured, shall prayers ascend?
Creation—space—eternity—
From Thee derived, on Thee depend.

Prime Cause uncaused, All-sight unseen!
Unknown, all-knowing—who but Thou
Is, must be, will be, and has been
Infinite—unapproached—as now?

Thy wisdom is an endless day,
That bathes a million worlds in light;
Thy goodness an eternal ray,
Unbounded in its bliss-led flight.

To whom but Thee—for whom but Thee,
Shall prayers ascend—shall praise be poured?
Thy glory fills immensity—
Being of Beings! God adored!

God our Guide.

When the storms of sorrow gather
O how blest
'Tis to rest
'Neath thy wings, O Father!

Dark may be the clouds and dreary,
Yet the night
Melts to light
When Thou guid'st the weary.

Sacred Shepherd! save and guide me:
If I be
Led by Thee,
Harm can ne'er betide me.

The End of the good Man is Peace.

Mark the virtuous man, and see
Peace and joy his steps attend;
All his path is purity—
Happy is his end.

Come and see his dying bed;
Calm his latest moments roll:
Angels hover round his head;
Heav'n receives his soul.

Come and view his mortal grave,
Silence and repose are there;
Never more shall sorrow's wave
Wreck the slumberer.

Come and read his charter'd page,
See what bliss his advent waits;
Glories of an endless age;
Open are heav'n's gates.

Unity of God.

Thou art my God, and Thou alone,
The sole, the undivided One!
And never shall my prostrate knee
Bend to another Deity.

For Thou art One—Thou wilt divide
Thy glory, Lord! with none beside;
And when I worship at Thy shrine,
No name I'll utter, God! but Thine.

Shine forth in all Thy majesty—
Let the earth honour none but Thee;
To Thee alone let mortals bow,
All incommunicable Thou!

Causer of causes! Light of light!
Ineffable and infinite!
What words can grasp Thy boundless name?
One—matchless—viewless—still the same.

God's Will be Done.

THY will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine—
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done—though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom; one comfort—one
Is ours—to breathe while we adore—
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done—above—below—
Here and hereafter. We have none
Holier desires to proffer—No!
Thy will be done!

Gratitude and Praise to God.

ROUSE thee, O my spirit, rouse thee,
Unto God thy offerings bring;
Sing His name, for He allows thee
His stupendous name to sing.

Soar upon thy loftiest pinions
To th' Almighty's high abode;
And in heav'n's sublime dominions
Hold high converse with thy God.

O how kind and condescending
Is our gracious God—from high
To His lowliest creatures bending!
Tow'rds this earth He turns his eye,
Sees our inmost heart's recesses,
Hears our praise—our prayers He grants;
All our days He cheers and blesses,
And provides for all our wants.

Simeon's Thanksgiving.

Let Thy servant now depart;
Every doubt and fear is stilled,
For Thy peace hath warmed his heart,
And Thy promise is fulfilled.

Now his aged eyes have seen
Thy salvation, gracious Lord!
Joy around, and peace within,
And redemption through Thy word.

He is come—a light to shine
  Over all on earth who dwell;
And, with glory all divine,
  To encircle Israel.

Awake, Thou that sleepest.

Wake, slumberer, wake! repent, repent!
  Yet a few fleeting hours remain;
One day of mercy still is lent;
  That day may never dawn again.

O waste it not—'tis thine—'tis all—
  All that remains of earth, or heaven;
Hark—how its flitting spirits call—
  Seize—sanctify the moment given.

Thou tread'st on tombs, thou breathest death,
  The stars go out—the forests fade—
Destruction reigns above, beneath,
  In noontide's beam, in midnight's shade.

Wake, slumberer! wake—the day that breaks
  Twilight shall never dim—nor thou
Find aught but woe in all that makes
  Thy miserable pleasures now.

Hymn.

Psalm lxi.

Hear my cry, O God! attend
To my humble, earnest prayer;
From the earth's remotest end
I will call, if Thou wilt hear.

When my heart is 'whelmed in grief,
Thou shalt be my citadel;
There I'll hasten for relief—
There I'll seek Thee, there I'll dwell.

Let Thy temple be my home,
Where, Thy shadowing wings beneath,
Sad and sorrowing I will come,
Seeking peace in life and death.

Thou wilt hear me—Thou hast heard—
Lord! how sweet to rest with Thee,
Trusting in Thy gracious word,
Safe in immortality!

Submission to God.

In the spirit of devotion,
To Thy earthly dome we come,
And with pure and calm emotion
Call our wand'ring fancy home.

Bid our thoughts, so often straying,
Fix themselves on heaven and Thee:
Praising all Thy will—and praying
For Thy guidance fervently.

'Tis a blessing to repose us
'Neath Thy ever-shelt'ring wing:
Thou, whose bounty overflows us,
Everlasting joys shalt bring:
And in Thee alone confiding,
Onward shall our footsteps tend:
And, whate'er our path betiding,
Feel Thou art our God and Friend.

Easter Hymn.

CHRIST is risen and death subdued,
He hath hurled the conqueror down,
And the dark grave's solitude
Lighted from His glory-crown:
Called to His reward above,
See His gracious presence throw
Smiles of peace and words of love
On His followers here below.

Like a star—a sacred star,
Lo! He sits in brightness shrined,
Scattering beams of joy afar,
Beams of joy on all mankind—

Still in sorrow's darkest night,
And on trouble's restless sea,
Those benignant beams shall light,
And that star my guide shall be.

Come, Ye Blessed of My Father.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter in your place of rest,
Round the throne of mercy gather"—
Thus shall Jesus hail the blest,
When their day of earth's probation
Ends in heav'n's eternal dawn,
And the curtains of salvation
Are at last to all withdrawn,

Then shall truth and virtue, tow'ring,
O'er all chance and change uprise—
Then no cloud of terror, low'ring,
Shall o'er-canopy the skies;
But, in glory, bright and splendid,
Shall our risen Lord appear,
By His countless saints attended,
Wearing crowns of triumph there.

God is Love.

God is love! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom! God is love!

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom! God is love!

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom! God is love!

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom! God is love!

God is love! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom! God is love!

Lord! I believe.

Lord! I believe: but if a doubt
  Should shake my weak and wand'ring soul,
Let Reason drive the intruder out,
  And Truth my wayward thoughts control.

But let me not, O God! receive
  Distrustful Thy almighty word:
'Twere better never to believe
  Than to mistrust and dread Thee, Lord!

And, finding truth, may I convey
  That truth in meekness. Truth demands
Nor flame, nor sword, nor despot sway;
  But gentle thoughts and spotless hands.

Lord! I believe: but if a doubt
  Should sometimes shake my wav'ring soul,
Let Reason drive the intruder out,
  And Truth my wayward thoughts control.

The World Beautiful.

Ours is a lovely world! Where'er
We turn our eyes 'tis bright and fair:
  The seasons in their courses fall,
And bring successive joys. The sea,
The earth, the sky, are full of Thee,
  Benignant, glorious Lord of all!

There's beauty in the break of day;
There's glory in the noontide ray;
  There's sweetness in the twilight shades;
Magnificence in night. Thy love
Arched yon grand heav'n of blue above,
  And all our smiling earth pervades.

How blest in Thy benignity
The gladdened universe to see,
  Beautiful ever! Thou alone
Of beauty and of bliss the cause;
While nature's light and nature's laws
  Sprung from Thy mind, Eternal One!

And if Thine effluence, God! be found
Streaming with radiance all around,—
  What must the glory-fountain be!
In Thee we'll hope—in Thee confide;
Thou, mercy's never-ebbing tide!
  Thou, love's unfathomable sea!

Be sure your Sin will find you out.

THERE'S no retreat from sin—no spot
  Of refuge can the guilty find:
The sin deserts the sinner not
  Until repentance clears the mind.

The scorpion stings which conscience wields
Still follow in the track of crime;
No distance from their terror shields—
Nor the destroying flight of time.

Th' accusing voice at last will speak
In thunder, though 'tis silenced now;
The torrent through its banks will break,
And nought resist its overflow.

Here or hereafter—dare not doubt,
O sinner! dare not disregard!
"Be sure your sin will find you out,"
And bring its terrible reward.

Rest of the Righteous.

O SWEET and sacred is the rest
Round the departed Christian's breast;
Serene the pillow of his head,
And sanctified his funeral bed.

Upon his grave the moonlight beam
Shines smiling—and the dews on him
Fall soft as on the loveliest flow'r
That decks the field or crowns the bow'r.

And if the sad and sorrowing tear
Be sometimes shed in silence there;
Religion's ray that tear shall light,
And make it as a dew-drop bright.

Then on the earth's maternal breast
In peaceful hope and joy we'll rest;
And yield us to death's slumber deep,
As infants calmly sink to sleep.

Virtue and Truth Immortal.

SHORT is the reign of summer flow'rs—
O'er fruitful vale or fertile plain
We seek in winter's dreary hours
One solitary flow'r in vain.

The verdant wood, the smiling hill,
Alike in darksome robes are clad:
Their beauty fled, their music still;
And all is silent, all is sad.

Has earth no charms beyond the power
Of mournful change? Yes! Virtue's bloom
And Truth's imperishable dower
Are not subjected to the tomb.

These will I hold: the wintry shade
May circle nature—and the songs
Of summer cease—its flow'rets fade—
To these eternity belongs.

Help sought from God.

Let Thy gracious spirit reach us
In this earthly solitude;
What we know not do Thou teach us,
Thou who art all-wise and good.

Left alone, we stray unheeding,
Through a dang'rous, darksome way;
But when Thy kind hand is leading,
We can never, never stray.

All we do, or think of doing,
Let Thy providence control;
Still our onward path pursuing
Till we reach th' appointed goal.

And since all that sparkles round us
Fragile is, and weak and fleet—
Earth's vain limits shall not bound us;
Man's desires are infinite.

Far above the heavenly arches
Shall th' enfranchised spirit soar;
Onward to its goal it marches,
Joy and triumph smiling o'er.

Hope in God.

O THERE are hours so dark and dull,
That nought of earthly light can cheer;
Hours full of fear—and sorrowful—
When the worn spirit has no ear
For comfort, and its misery
Can find no solace but from Thee.

From Thee—whose eye is never closed
To mortal grief—how oft have I
Beneath Thy shelt'ring wing reposed
From suffering's storms, and tranquilly
Seen the clouds burst secure and free
From terror, harboured, Lord! by Thee!

By Thee—who, when Thy children press
To Thy kind presence, bid'st them come:
And, pleased to shield, and pleased to bless,
Art their defence—their port—their home:
Where, safe from gusts, their bark shall be
Anchored for ever, Lord! by Thee.

Humble Worship.

Bow down Thine ear, Almighty One!
Though from earth's vale our pray'rs ascend,
Still they may reach Thy heav'nly throne,
And with the praise of seraphs blend.

For Thou, though great, art gracious, Lord!
And when Devotion tunes her song,
The hallowed thought, the humble word,
To Thee upsoar, to Thee belong.

The incense of a pious breast,
Lowly and reverently paid,
Is more acceptable and blest
Than passion's fire, or pomp's parade.

For what are hours,—and what are all
The tributes of man's praise and prayer?
Mere sparkles of a waterfall
That melt into the viewless air.

But if Thy sun of favour shine
Upon the waterdrop—a ray
Of beauty and of light divine
Gilds it, e'en when it dies away.

Hymn.

Isaiah ix.

We walked in darkness, but at last
Are cheered by Heaven's eternal light;
The dreary shades of death are past,
And all beyond the tomb is bright.

A thousand joys are gathered round—
A thousand triumphs glad our way—
We hear and join in vict'ry's sound,
And glory brings its fairest day.

Fall'n is the intolerable yoke
Which long oppressed despairing man;
The oppressor's lawless rod is broke,
As in the day of Midian.

A child is born—a son is given
To us—whose rule shall never cease;
The Counsellor of the King of Heaven—
Father of Ages—Prince of Peace.

And peace and glory long shall dwell
With Him, who sits on David's throne;
The hope, the joy of Israel,
He reigns for ever, conqu'ring One!

Their Works shall follow Them.

I HEARD a voice which sweetly said,
"Happy, thrice happy are the dead
Who from their earthly labours rest—
They slumber well—for they are blest."

But while in dust at peace they lie,
The holy memory cannot die
Of deeds of virtue and of praise
Which cheered and crowned their mortal days.

Those deeds can never die, though they
To the cold grave have passed away;
But speed to heav'n and welcoming wait
The spirit at the eternal gate.

And there, around th' Almighty's seat,
In holy concord they shall meet;
A cloud of witnesses—to cheer
The path which leads the spirit there.

Then happy, happy are the dead
Who on their way to heaven have sped;
Whose holy deeds are gone before,
To wait them at th' eternal door.

The Resurrection.

He is not here—He is not here—
Could death the Son of Life imprison?
Now check the sigh and wipe the tear,
For lo! the Lord, the Lord is risen.

The grave, that claimed Him, is compelled
To lose the prey that death had given:
The conqu'ror yields the prize he held,
And lo! the Lord ascends to heaven.

Promise and pledge of life to all!
Ruler of death! thy advent hailing,
Upon our God and thine we call—
The Great, the Wise, the All-availing.

For He who raised thee from thy tomb
Shall raise us—though in death we wither;
Who called our Elder Brother home
Shall call us in His mercy thither.

God's Guidance implored.

Creator and Preserver, God!
To Thee our songs of praise we bear;
Our health, our hope, our soul's abode!
Our Guide to heav'n, our Saviour here.

Our path 'midst doubt and danger is—
Be Thou its sun! Whate'er betide,
Or thorns of woe, or flow'rs of bliss;
We look to Thee, our Friend, our Guide.

Conduct us as Thou wilt—we know
Thou canst not wander nor mislead;
And in Thy presence while we go,
Our way is bright and blest indeed.

Not long our journey—soon on earth
The trav'ller's pilgrimage is o'er;
Death hangs upon a mortal's birth—
And life's dull pathway tires no more.

Creator and Preserver! Thine
Be it to smooth our onward way:
Upon Thy children's footsteps shine,
And lead them to heav'n's ceaseless day.

Agar's Petition.

If we may breathe a prayer to Thee,
Our Father and our Friend,
Let neither wealth nor poverty
Our earthly steps attend.

But Thou, who knowest all, dost know
What's wisest—kindest—best;
We at Thy feet our off'rings throw,
Do Thou direct the rest.

Thou canst not grant our idle prayers,
When evil they intreat;
Though urged with sighs, implored with tears,
Thy mercy is too great.

Thou wilt deny us, Father! nought
That's good, or kind, or right,
Though never asked in word or thought—
Thy love is infinite.

Death a Blessing.

O COULD our art, or our desire,
Make mortal man immortal here,
And kindle an eternal fire
From life's vain sparks of hope and fear;
How soon the restless soul would tire,
And envy death its sepulchre!

No! life is long enough for all
That's worth a care, that's worth a thought;
Soon pleasure's best attractions pall—
Soon weariness its work hath wrought;
The ripened fruits unheeded fall,
And time's delusions leave us nought.

And then 'twere very sweet indeed
To seek a grave—for who could bear
To feel his heart's core bleed, and bleed
Unstaunched by hope—uncured by care—
And find no resting-place in need,
To shield him from his own despair?

Ye believe in God—believe also in Me.

He in heaven who ever liveth,
Thus hath spoken: "Not to you
Give I, as the vain world giveth,
Fleeting things and worthless too;
But my peace, serene, unfading,
Round your earthly steps shall shine;
All your heav'nward way pervading
With a stream of light divine.

"Be not troubled, sad, or cheerless;
Trust in me, and trust in God—
He shall lead you calm and fearless,
Through life's dark and varied road:
He shall bring you to the mansion
Where the spirit, blest and free,
Revels in its own expansion—
Trust in God, and trust in me."

The Poor have the Gospel preached unto Them.

THE Gospel is preached to the poor;
They long were abandoned and lone:
They now are forgotten no more—
The light of the Gospel's their own.
No longer they wander distrest,
In a gloomy, disconsolate road;
They are blest—for all nations are blest
With the life-giving glory of God.

The Gospel is preached to the poor;
To them are its promises given—
For Jesus has opened the door
Which leads them to hope and to heaven:
He owns them—He claims them as His;
He never will leave them to woe;
They shall share in eternity's bliss,
In eternity's prospects below.

We walk by Faith, and not by Sight.

WE walk by faith, and not by sight;
And if we ever go astray,
Do Thou, O Lord! conduct us right,
And lead us in our onward way.

Onward from earth to heaven we go;
And, gently guided, Lord! by Thee,
The path which is begun below
Conducts to immortality.

And though it wear a transient gloom,
Though darkness on our steps attend—
E'en though it lead us through the tomb,
Its course is bliss, and heaven its end.

Watchman! what of the Night?

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes! it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
And it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Thou hast the Words of Eternal Life.

WHITHER, whither shall we go?
For the word of life is Thine;
Nothing of our way we know
If Thy light refuse to shine:
We are wanderers, lost and lone,
If Thy hand refuse to guide;
Toiling on our path, we groan
Up life's dreary mountain's side.

But with Thee to lead us on,
Light above and peace below,
We no longer, lost and lone,
Up life's dreary mountain go:
Verdure decks the springing ground,
Nature smiles in joy and love;
Beauty wakes 'midst music round,
And all heav'n breathes out above.

Temptation.

O WHAT a strange, a fearful strife,
When desolation's wintry breath
Disturbs the calm of peace—of life—
With the dark storms of doubt and death!

O what a struggle wakes within
When, in the spirit's solitude,
The tempting, treach'rous thoughts of sin
In all their luring smiles intrude!

'Tis then, my Father! then I feel
My nature's weakness—and, oppressed,
Like a poor trembling child, I steal
To Thee, for safety and for rest.

Beneath Thy shadows let me live!
Be Thou my Friend—my Father be!
I bend in dust—I pray, Forgive
The erring child that flies to Thee!

The Cross of Christ.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me—
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

God is One.

One! One! One! art Thou,
Judge and King and God alone:
Thee we worship, and allow
None to share Thy glory—none!

Great, great, great, art Thou,
Undivided greatness Thine:
Other gods we disavow;
None but Thee we own divine.

Wise, wise, wise, art Thou;
Wise beyond our highest thought:
Nought, when at Thy throne we bow,
Shall distract our praises—nought!

Good, good, good, art Thou;
Thine th' unfathomable sea
Where each thought that fills us now
Is o'erwhelmed with thoughts of Thee.

Great, wise, good, art Thou!
Thou our God that reign'st alone:
Consecrate Thy servants' vow,
Incommunicable One!

Outward and Inward Virtue.

'Tis not the gift—but 'tis the spirit
With which 'tis given,
That on the gift confers a merit,
As seen by Heaven.

'Tis not the prayer—however boldly
It strikes the ear:
It mounts in vain, it falls but coldly,
If not sincere.

'Tis not the deeds the loudest lauded
That brightest shine:
There's many a virtue unapplauded,
And yet divine.

'Tis not the word which sounds the sweetest
That's soonest heard:
A sigh, when humbled thou retreatest,
May be preferred.

The outward show may be delusive,
A cheating name:
The inner spirit is conclusive
Of worth or shame.

Hymn.

Psalm xxiv.

The earth, and all the earth contains,
Are Thine, O Lord! Upon the seas
Thou reared'st the world, and it remains
Subservient to Thy high decrees.

But who shall seek Thy temple, Lord!
Who dwell upon Thy holy hill?
He whose pure heart and honest word,
And hands unstained, obey Thy will.

Thy gen'rous blessing shall descend
On him and his;—and Thou wilt be
His Friend, who wert his father's Friend,
And all his sons Thy love shall see.

Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Eternal doors fly open too;
The King—the King of glory waits.
Who is the King of glory? Who?

The King of glory is the strong,
The mighty Lord of hosts. He waits—
To him the welcome shall belong.
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!

The King—the King of glory's nigh.
Who is the King of glory? Who?
Lift, heav'nly gates, your arches high,
The King of glory passes through.

God Omnipresent.

WHERE'ER the foot of man hath trod,
He feels the presence of a God:
Around, above, beneath,—where'er
His thought can reach, a God is there.

In midnight darkness he can see
The spirit of the Deity:
In midnight solitude, his ear
The noiseless voice of God can hear.

Around His throne no lightnings play,
No thunder marks His awful way:
He walks in silence through the air,
And He is here, and everywhere!

God is all eye, all ear—the soul
That animates this wondrous whole:
The ray that lights our senses dim,
Is a reflection caught from Him.

God is our origin and end,
From Him we came, to Him we tend;
What an exalted strife to be
Deserving such a destiny!

Infinite Greatness of God.

Could I mount on seraph's wing
To Thy throne of heavenly light:
Could I, like archangels, bring
Holiest offerings, pure and bright:
Could I songs of cherubs sing,
Veiled before Thy dazzling sight,—
I might lift my eye to Thee,
Thought-absorbing Deity.

I am but a child of clay—
Shadow of mortality!

Born as 'twere but yesterday,
And to-morrow doomed to die;
Like a dream I pass away.
Source of being! how shall I
Seek Thy high and holy throne,
Great, unutterable One?

Pure Religion and Undefiled.

Pure and undefiled religion,
In our God and Father's sight,
Is, to pour on helpless orphans
Balm of healing and delight:
'Tis to visit cheerless widows
In their darkness and distress:
This is pure and true religion
In its power of blessedness.

Pure and undefiled religion
Is, amidst the tainted scene,
To preserve a heart untainted,
Viceless, spotless, and serene.
'Tis, amidst the world's defilements,
To direct our path aright:
This is pure and true religion
In its glory and its might.

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord.

Blessed, blessed are the dead
In the Lord who die—
Rest the pillow of their head
While they slumb'ring lie:
All their earthly labours done,
Stilled each mortal pain,
Till the Lord, th' Almighty One,
Calls them forth again.

Blessed, blessed are the dead
In the Lord who die;
Radiant is the path they tread
Upwards to the sky.
All the deeds of virtue done,
Deeds of peace and love,
Now are stars of glory strown,
Lighting them above.

Trust in God.

Father! whose benignant ear
Ever to the prayers attending
Of the humble worshipper,
Whether from Thy house ascending

Or from nature's solitude ;
  Every voice devoutly blending,
We address Thee, wise and good !
  At Thy holy altar bending.

Thou, our fathers' God and ours !
  Teach us all to love and fear Thee ;
Lead us through life's varied hours
  Fixed on heaven and ever near Thee.
When our little task is done,
  May our children still revere Thee ;
So Thy work shall hasten on
  Till assembled worlds shall hear Thee.

Death ! where is thy Sting ?

WHERE is thy sting, O Death !
  Grave ! where thy victory ?
The clod may sleep in dust beneath,
  The spirit will be free !

Both Man and Time have power
  O'er suffering, dying men ;
But Death arrives, and in that hour
  The soul is freed again.

'Tis comforting to think,
When sufferings tire us most,
In the rough stream the bark will sink,
And suff'ring's power is lost.

Then, Death! where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, Grave?
O'er your dark bourn the soul will spring
To Him who loves to save.

My Times are in Thy Hand.

My times are in Thy hand, and Thou
Wilt guide my footsteps at Thy will:
Lord! to Thy purposes I bow,
Do Thou Thy purposes fulfil!

Life's mighty waters roll along;
Thy spirit guides them as they roll:
And waves on waves impetuous throng
At thy command, at Thy control.

We, in the giant stream, are less
Than dew-drops rising o'er the sea—
A viewless blank of nothingness
Amidst a vast infinity.

Yet in that orbit while we move
Where beams Thy radiance; while we share
In the sweet sunshine of thy love,
We feel that we are *something* here:

And, thus encouraged, look to Thee,
And with a humbled, prostrate will,
Lord! in Thy all-sufficiency
Would find a claim to love Thee still.

Luther's Angel-Song.

Sing! sing! ye ransomed mortals, sing!
We come from heaven—from heaven, and bring
Glad tidings of great joy to earth;
We come from heaven, commissioned there
Glad tidings of great joy to bear,
Announcing your Redeemer's birth.

Yes! your Redeemer is at hand;
Echo the tidings through the land;
Your Saviour comes—he comes—the reign
Of peace and glory is begun:
He comes, the Son of peace, the Son
Of God, his advent shout again.

Shout! shout! thou earth!—thou heaven repeat
The notes of joy in transports meet,
For earth and heaven are one—are one;
The Lord of glory bows Him down,
And He who wears the heavenly crown
Descends to rule on earth alone.

God ever Present.

Yes! Thou art with me, and with Thee
I cannot be alone,
For joy shall bear me company,
And peace shall be my own.

The solitude Thou hoverest nigh
Is peopled all with bliss:
The sandy waste, when Thou art by,
A verdant landscape is.

There is no night where Thou art seen:
No light can day afford
Without Thy rays to gild the scene—
Without Thy presence, Lord!

Be with me ever! Ever bless,
And ever guide—and be,
In life's decay and death's distress,
On earth, in heaven, with me.

God our Comforter.

I'll trust my future fate to Thee,
All-good, all-wise, Almighty One!
If Thou control my destiny,
And I repose on Thee alone,
I shall be blest—
Thou, God! my guardian and my rest.

The bright, the dark, the twilight hour,
Awaked by Thee, alike are Thine:
In each Thy wisdom, love, and power,
In mingling, gathering beauty shine:
Shall I rebel
'Gainst Thee, who orderest all things well?

No! rather shall my soul repose
On Thee, its pillow, and its trust:
The Sun that with the Gospel rose
Wakes immortality from dust;
And o'er my head
Shall its eternal lustre shed.

Religious Comfort.

A thousand, thousand changing things
Man's mortal pilgrimage befall;
But virtue, but religion, brings
Sweet hopes and steadfast joys for all.

The restlessness that cannot sleep,
Secures a peaceful pillow there;
The woes that waste, the thoughts that weep,
May find a shelter from despair.

Disheartened hope and wearying care
And dark distress its smiles control,
And, like an angel, minister
To the bright sunshine of the soul.

And fears subside, and doubts depart,
And sorrow flits on speedy wing,
And gentle joy subdues the heart,
And wakes to peace each slumb'ring string.

Then, calmed to silence, every thought
Brings comfort from vicissitude;
And the submissive soul is brought
To own that all is right and good.

Heirs of God and Joint Heirs with Christ.

Are we not from God descended,
Guided, guarded, blest by Him?
May we not, by peace attended,
Through this earthly twilight dim,

Hasten to a morning shining
O'er the desert of the tomb,
Where, in sweet repose reclining,
We may sleep, and then speed home?

Heirs of heaven! on earth possessing
Hopes sublimer, higher far
Than the proudest joy and blessing
Which man's worldly portion are;
In the light of virtue speeding
To our great inheritance—
God our onward footsteps leading
Is our glory and defence.

"Father, glorify Thy Name."

"FATHER! glorify Thy name,"
Whatsoe'er our portion be;
Wheresoever led by Thee,
If to glory—if to shame—
"Father! glorify Thy name."

Let Thy name be glorified!
If in doubt and darkness lost,
Hope deceived, and purpose crost,
Nought amiss can e'er betide—
Let Thy name be glorified!

" Father ! glorify Thy name ;"
Vain and blind our wishes are :
This can be no idle prayer,
This can be no worthless claim,
" Father ! glorify Thy name."

God with Us.

Am I lonely? No ! with God
Solitude can ne'er be mine :
Everywhere my foot hath trod
Feels His influence divine :
And where'er I yet may stray,
He shall guide and light my way.

Am I cheerless? No ! with Him
Peace and pleasure lead me on :
Nought is dark, or drear, or dim,
Where His sunny rays are thrown ;
And His presence kindles bright
Beams of beauty, love, and light.

Am I helpless? No ! His hand
Wields the sceptre of all time ;
Worlds and systems shake or stand,
Waiting on His nod sublime :
Yet there's none too mean to share
All His kindness, all His care.

Vicissitude a Blessing.

THERE's good in all the various changes
That man's mortality befall;
And wheresoe'er the spirit ranges,
Death, great reformer! levels all:
The pomp that lifts its horn so proudly,
The wealth that sits with scorn on high,
The eloquence that talks so loudly,
Death's storm sweeps off, and passes by.

There's good in all—and death, that seemeth
Greatest of mysteries, beams with good:
Unwisely of his God he deemeth,
Who, in the mixed vicissitude
Of earthly joys and earthly sorrows,
No all-directing influence sees;
For heaven-excited wisdom borrows
Comfort from all life's mysteries.

Parental Providence.

As gentle children fondly press
Around their mother's knee,
So, in my spirit's helplessness,
I fly, my God! to Thee:

And, as a mother's cares protect
Her offspring from alarm,
Do Thou preserve, do Thou direct,
Thy children, Lord! from harm.

'Tis sweet beneath Thy love to be
In safe and silent rest,
As sleeps an infant on the knee
Of her who loves it best:
Thy love is wiser, kinder far
Than any earthly tie;
Thou knowest all we want, and are,
And, knowing, wilt supply.

Jesus wept.

He wept, as He approached the place
Where the departed Lazarus slept;
The clouds of sorrow veiled His face,
And, in His anguish. "Jesus wept."

Yes! sainted are affection's tears,
And purified from sin or shame;
Each drop that's shed by virtue bears
The sanction of the Saviour's name.

Yet if ye weep, as wept your Lord
Over His friend—now weep no more;
But hear His all-consoling word,
And dry the tears He dried before:

"I go before you to prepare
A mansion of felicity;
And where my faithful servants are,
There shall their Lord and Master be.

"There shall eternal years renew
The scenes of peace which death destroys,
And God in me, and I in you,
Dwell 'midst unutterable joys."

Evening Hymn.

Ye gently-falling dews! whose mist
Now wraps the twilight world around,
Ere darkness is the sovereign, list!
And join devotion's vesper sound.

Thou staid and stately queen! whose way
Round earth, and through the azure heaven,
Serenely thou dost take—my lay
Of worship publish to the even.

Sweet stars of evening! as ye shine
  Serenely from yon temple high,
O join your songs of praise with mine,
  To celebrate the Deity!

Come night! with all your glories, join
  My hymn of adoration—pour
Your streams of praise, and brighten mine,
  And let us rev'rently adore.

God the chief Good.

Lord! to live, to die to Thee,
  Ever, ever to be Thine;
Now and for eternity;
  Father! Friend! to call Thee mine,
And when death shall overtake me,
  Calmly to repose me there
Till Thy awful voice awake me,—
  Hear the wish and grant the prayer!

If that prayer may soar to Thee,
  Not for wealth, nor power, nor pride,
Lord! shall my petition be:
  I would turn my thoughts aside
From the dreams so vain and idle,
  Which too long have driven me on;
Every wish and passion bridle,
  Fixing them on Thee alone.

The Grave no Terror to the Virtuous.

THERE is no terror in the grave
For him who, in its gloominess,
Perceives Thy hand, outstretched to save,
Thy welcoming smile that waits to bless;
For him who knows and feels that he
Is born for immortality;

And, keeping steadfast in his view,
That bright, sublime, and awful goal,
Moves all life's course serenely through,
With humble heart and grateful soul;
And gathers from vicissitude
Virtue and strength, and joy and good.

The grave to him is but the door
Where angels wait and say, "All hail!
Welcome where grief afflicts no more:
Come! thou hast passed life's tearful vale;
Now enter on eternity,
For we are sent to welcome thee."

Sleep of the Grave.

YES! soon away shall death's deep slumbers roll,
And thou wilt wake, my soul!
And He who fashioned thee
Shall build thee mansions for eternity.

The seed may perish in the wintry earth;
It springs to nobler birth:
The harvest hour shall come,
And the Great Harvest-Lord will reap the tomb.

We shall but slumber long enough to rest
Our passion-wearied breast;
And Who our pillow makes
Shall fill our eyes with light when morning breaks.

Then shall the idle, transitory things
Of earth's imaginings
Fade into mist away,
And the soul revel in an endless day.

"It is finished."

"'Tis finished," the Redeemer said,
And then He bowed His sacred head,
And then He died. The sun concealed
His face in darkness—not to see
That hour of crime and misery—
And earth with shame and terror reeled.

The mountains shook—the firmament
Was in that awful moment rent—
The graves gave up th' imprisoned dead:
Yet 'midst those terrors was begun
Salvation's work, and victory won:
"'Tis finished," the Redeemer said.

"'Tis finished." In that trying hour,
Death, sin, and sorrow's mortal power
Was broken and subdued. Our way
Is clear to heav'n, and bright: the gloom,
The dread, the darkness of the tomb,
Like passing shadows, haste away.

Adoration of the One True God.

Ancient of Ages! humbly bent before Thee,
Songs of glad homage, Lord! to Thee we bring:
Touched by thy spirit, oh! teach us to adore Thee,
Sole God and Father! Everlasting King!
Let Thy light attend us,
Let Thy grace befriend us,
Eternal, Unrivalled, All-directing King!

Send forth Thy mandate, gather in the nations,
Through the wide universe Thy name be known:
Millions of voices shall join in adorations,
Join to adore Thee, Undivided One!
Every soul invited,
Every voice united,
United to praise Thee, Undivided One!

Funeral Hymn.

Clay of our departed brother!
Mingle with thy former dust:
Calmly we commit another
Treasure to the dark grave's trust,
And to Him who keeps the just.

Slumber in thy dormitory;
Thou hast reached thy earthly goal;
And may scenes of joy and glory
Round thine eye in brightness roll!
Heaven receive the pilgrim's soul!

Soon our steps shall overtake thee,
Soon the grave our bed shall be;
When heaven's trumpet shall awake thee,
O may we awake with thee—
Heirs of heaven's felicity!

Rest of the Grave.

THEIR labours are ended, their duty is o'er,
The sorrows of life shall disturb them no more!
No longer the damps of the midnight shall scathe,
Nor the pestilent noontide bring sorrow and death.

Through the darkness and discord of life they have passed,
And have reached the calm port of their voyage at last,
Where the billows are silent, the tempest is stilled,
And the haven around with serenity filled.

However distress may have trained them below,
However o'erwhelmed with the breakers of woe,
They sleep in the stillness of peace—and at length
Shall awake in the glory of virtue and strength.

To mourn were ungrateful, with hopes such as this;
To mourn were unwise, with such promise of bliss:
No! rather we'll joy in their joy—and prepare
On their pillows to rest, in their glory to share.

Morning Hymn.

My earliest thought be turned to Him
  Who, while in slumber's arms I lay,
Through helpless hours and darkness dim,
  Has brought me safely to the day.

I slept in safety, for His eye
  Watched round my bed; and now I'll bring
My offering to the Deity;
  And He shall bless the offering.

And as the morning sun displays
  His growing strength and light, may He
With life-invigorating rays
  My Sun, my Glory-giver be.

That sun his splendid journey takes
  Through the high heaven, diffusing joy;
And then his radiant couch he makes,
  Calm-sinking in the western sky.

So let me rise, so soar, so sink,
  In peace and beauty. Day, when gone,
Shall leave a tranquil eve to think
  That He is shining—shining on.

Sabbath Evening.

Close the sabbath-day in joy,
  Close the sabbath-day in praise;
O how lovely the employ,
  Anthems in God's name to raise!
Whose sweet-echoed notes shall chime
O'er the distant march of time.

Hallowed shall the record be
  Of devotion's early thought,
Like a smile of memory
  From the hour of spring-time brought;
Fragrance-breathed and beauty-shed,
As from flowers of Eden's bed.

God our only Refuge.

When my days have told their number,
Told their tales of joy and pain,
And from death's concluding slumber
I shall be aroused again,
Standing at the eternal bourn—
Whither, whither shall I turn?

When the day of wrath and terror
Dawns upon the affrighted world,
Every sin and crime and error
In a blaze of light unfurled,
Written on the eternal sky—
Whither, whither shall I fly?

Whither but to Thee, whose mercy
All the clouds is breaking through:
Great, beyond all controversy,
Is thy love and pardon too.
Father! whither shall we flee—
Whither, whither but to Thee?

Jesus the Day-star.

Long had the darkness of ages surrounded
Earth and its sons, when the day-star on high
Broke from the mists, and with glory unbounded
Held its high course through the gratulant sky.
Angels of peace and of virtue attended,
Blessing and blest, as it moved on its way;
And in its glory that day-star ascended,
Lighting and cheering the world with its ray.

O'er us it shines, and shall shine on for ever,
Fixed like a sun in the centre of all;
Never shall darkness o'ershadow us—never
Sorrow and sadness our hearts shall appal.
Clouds may roll by—but they cannot conceal it;
Tempests may frown—they shall break into light;
Ages shall fly—but while flying shall hail it,
Shining and smiling in glory and might.

Life's Pilgrimage.

LEAD us with Thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord! is sped;
Who, with prayers and helps divine,
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul,
Where the mourners cease to mourn;
Where the Saviour's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

Lead us thither. Thou dost know
All the way; but, wanderers, we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to Thee:
Guidé us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there.

Immortality.

Round us, o'er us, is there aught
Which can fill our highest thought;
  Aught which may deserve to be
With our noblest aims inwrought?
  Yes! 'tis Immortality.

Is there, when the waters roll
Of affliction o'er our soul;
  Is there aught whose energy
Can that rolling tide control?
  Yes! 'tis Immortality.

Whither may the soul repair
When the blast of worldly care
  Snaps the flower and blights the tree?
Where is comfort?—Tell me where,
  But in Immortality!

Immortality shall cheer
All my path, however drear;
  And its holy light shall be
Sunshine, blessed sunshine, here:
  Welcome, Immortality!

Acceptable Worship.

The hymn of praise, the breath of prayer,
To Thy high mercy-seat I'll bear;
The song, the vow, shall sweetly blend,
And to Thy holy presence soar;
And reverent shall my soul adore
Thee, Guardian, Saviour, Father, Friend!

From every spot of space or time,
In every tongue and every clime,
The orisons which calmly seek
Thy presence, to Thy throne will reach;
The trembling hope, the imperfect speech,
Be welcome, as when angels speak.

The faintest breath of infant tongues
Is sweet to Thee as seraph songs;
The music of the highest sphere
Is less divine, less grateful far,
Than hymns of humble mortals are
When breaking on Thy hallowed ear.

Christian Triumphs.

THOUGH laurel crowns and victor wreaths
Be for the sons of triumph twined;
Though song her sweetest music breathes
For the destroyers of our kind;
O let them weep, for time shall sweep
Their perishable pomp away;
O let them mourn, for death shall turn
The proudest conqueror into clay.

But there's a deathless coronet
Wrought for the holy and the wise;
And there is music sweeter yet,
Which never faints and never dies:
The good may see earth's glory flee;
Heaven's ever-living glory theirs;
Their path is peace and pleasantness,
And they are joy's immortal heirs.

Every Thing derived from God.

IF I aught possess, 'tis Thine;
All I have, to Thee I owe;
Dare I call my being mine?
Life, or breath, or comfort? No!
Lord! I dedicate to Thee
All that Thou hast given to me.

Wilt Thou be my Father yet,
  Kind as Thou hast ever been?
And canst Thou thy child forget,
  Wandering through this twilight scene?
Never! O how sweet to rest
On Thee, kindest, wisest, best!

Should my heart a moment fail,
  Should my steps a moment stray,
Travelling through this tearful vale,—
  Guide me to my wonted way,
To the way that leads me on
To Thy glory, to Thy throne.

God, the Source of all Good.

'Tis God the Creator whose mercy hath given
The beauty of earth and the glory of heaven,
The freshness of ocean, the fragrance of air,
And all that is wonderful, grateful, and fair.

He sits on the mountains, flower-sprinkles the meads,
And onward rejoicing the rivulets leads;
He bridles the winds, He rules o'er the tides,
And the stars in their courses unerringly guides.

He wakens the morning, o'ershadows the eve,
And the sunbeams from Him all their brightness receive;
The snows of the winter are His, and the buds
Which the spring-time calls forth in the gardens and woods.

And His are the measures of life and of death;
We live in His life and we breathe in His breath;
We dwell in His keeping: so let us prepare,
While His will we obey, in His glory to share.

Future wisely concealed.

O how wise that God hath hidden
All the future from our view!
O how well that 'tis forbidden
Coming darkness to look through!
If Time's page of hurrying fleetness
Were unveiled to readers here,
Joy itself would lose its sweetness,
Sorrow would become despair.

Now if storms the ocean cover,
Hope declares a calm is near
And when discord's tones are over,
Softened music meets the ear.

If the shadows of affliction
  Round us gather as we go,
Soon some heavenly benediction
  Wakens peace from slumbering woe.

Aspirations.

O MY soul! a few short moments
  Let us from the world retire;
Let us leave these scenes of darkness
  And to brighter scenes aspire:
Earthly joys are insufficient
  For the scope of thy desire.

Lo! the stars that shine so sweetly,
  Lo! the fair cerulean sky,
Lo! the clouds that roll sublimely,
  Call thy holier thoughts on high:
Thou art born to rise above them;
  Heavenly is thy destiny.

Look upon those towering mountains,
  Look upon yon boundless sea,
Look upon that mighty river,—
  They are images of thee:
Yet all these shall sink in darkness,
  Thou shalt rise immortally.

Morning Hymn.

EARTH throws down her funeral robe,
Songs and music fill the globe;
I, refreshed by sleep, arise,
Welcomed to morn's melodies.

Who is He whose hand hath led
Day from its reposing-bed?
Who is He that bids the night
Fly the calm approach of light?

'Tis that gracious hand that first
Bid the germ of being burst;
Poured the waters of the sea,
Reared yon azure canopy.

And to crown His mighty plan,
Breathed His spirit into man;
Made him lord of sea and land,
Placed the sceptre in his hand.

Sweet it is to feel, to own,
'Tis the hand of God alone
Marks our path, from youth to age,
Guides us through our pilgrimage.

Often those whom most He loves,
Most He chastens and reproves—
Folly leaves to frowardness;
Visits virtue with distress.

Everywhere His power is known,
Everywhere He reigns alone;
And when He, our God, is near,
Virtue can have naught to fear.

The Lord's Prayer.

O THOU high and holy One!
Who in heaven hast fixed Thy throne,
Whom we God and Father call—
Father! dearest name of all;

Reverenced be that name sublime,
Through all temples and all time;
Thy exhaustless praise rehearse
Let the unbounded universe.

May Thy kingdom come, and bless
All men with its righteousness;
Thy blest kingdom from above,
Raised on peace and joy and love.

E'en as heaven, let earth fulfil,
Holy One! Thy holy will;
Till the sons of earth shall be
Fit in heaven to worship Thee.

Day by day, O God ! provide
From Thy bounty, flowing wide,
Our supplies of daily food,
Our supplies of earthly good.

Teach us ever to beware ;
Keep us from temptation's snare ;
Let us never tread the way
Where our feet would slip or stray.

Happy Hours.

Happy hour in which I rise
From the mists of selfish cares,
From this vale of vanities,
From this scene of woes and tears,
Seeking a sublimer goal
For a heaven-aspiring soul.

Happy hour in which I hold
Sweet communion with my God ;
When the book of life, unrolled,
Shows the upward, onward road,
Which conducts to heaven, where rest,
Peace, and joy, await the blest.

Happy hour in which I taste
Some sweet promise of the day,
Which the present and the past
Light with hope's serenest ray;
Throwing o'er a future bliss
All the brightest beams of this.

Advent of Christ.

Single Voice.

Lo! He comes, the Lord of glory,
Peace and triumph in His train;
Lo! He comes, by angels guarded,
Over all the earth to reign:
Death and darkness
Would arrest His course in vain.

Chorus.

Lo! He comes, the Lord of glory,
Sin and sorrow scatt'ring far;
Lo! He comes, and at His presence,
Woe retires and wasting war.
Bow before Him;
Bow before yon orient Star!

Lo ! He comes, the Lord of glory,
Shouts of joy His path attend ;
Lo ! He comes. Let tribes and nations,
Grateful and rejoicing, bend.
He has triumphed,
Saviour—Conqueror—Master—Friend.

Acceptable Worship.

The secret—nay, the silent prayer,
Which the meek spirit wafts above,
Will meet with sweet acceptance there,
And bloom around the throne of love ;
As buds which spring-time sunshine bids
Burst through their wintry coverlids.

The eloquence that charms the ear,
The songs of art which fascinate,
Can give no upward wings to prayer,
Nor speed it through the Eternal's gate.
To Him, the music of the bee
Is sweeter than man's vanity.

He is not deaf to human praise,
When human praises are sincere ;
He turns not to the lowliest lays
Of humble souls a careless ear :
O no ! Devotion's sainted tone
Is met with welcome at His throne.

Devotion.

Devotion's hour is swiftly past,
Yet memory keeps its joy enshrined:
And its blest influence long will last,
Like summer-sunshine on the mind.

If seeds are sown—though they appear
Deep buried—they will sprout anew,
And bring a blessed harvest there:
By sunbeams warmed, and fed with dew.

It works unseen, it spreads unknown,
But works and spreads with growing strength;
And towering in its course alone,
'Twill rear its head to heaven at length.

Nor clouds, nor storms, nor damps, nor blight,
Its ever-gathering strength impede;
It rises, like a pile of light,
Or everlasting pyramid.

Private Devotion.

THERE are no hours so sweet as those
When the tired spirit finds repose
  In the calm peace of virtuous thought,
And makes the heart a throne, where God
And goodness make their blest abode;
  While sin and folly are forgot.

O only then, if ever, then
Doth God delight to dwell with men,
  And men become almost divine;
When heaven's own purity can chase
Defilement from its dwelling-place,
  And consecrates man's bosom-shrine.

O teach and train my spirit, Lord!
With Thy own wisdom and Thy word,
  To welcome and to watch for Thee;
And in its hour of virtue come
And make my heart a heaven, a home
  For Thy own peace and purity.

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Not a broken, brief obedience
  Doth the Lord of heaven demand;
He requires your whole allegiance,
  Words and deeds, and heart and hand:
God will hold divided sway
With no deity of clay.

Wealth and pomp and power are idols
  Worshipped by their devotees:
But religion's influence bridles
  All esteem for things like these:
They are trappings meant to hide
The deformities of pride.

He who onward moves, pursuing
  Patiently his heavenward road,
'Midst the rocks, and 'midst the ruin
  Which perplex the path to God—
Not by hope or fear betrayed,
Nor allured by vain parade:

He who, 'midst the world's delusions,
  Keeps his heart serene and free,
Sheltered safe from the intrusions
  Of unhallowed vanity;—
He, heaven's crown of bliss shall wear,
He, earth's brightest portion share.

Aspirations after Truth.

The blank, exhausting pleasure leaves,
Nought but the power of truth can fill,
When disappointed virtue grieves
O'er hopeless purpose, helpless will:
No light to guide its steps is given,
But in a ray direct from heaven.

Th' enjoyments of the senses pall,
The charms of wealth grow dull and dim;
'Tis vanity and folly all—
Man finds they were not made for him;
They were not made to satisfy
A spirit that would soar so high;—

So high, that neither space nor time
Can bound its view nor stop its flight;
So high, that in its course sublime
It seeks the fountain-head of light;
And cannot rest but near the seat
Of all that's glorious, wise, and great.

Trust in God.

Fear not, faint not, though thou stray
In thy doubts and thy distress;
God can make a flowery way
Even through the wilderness.

Faint not, fear not, e'en if woe
Devastate thy path around;
God can make the streamlet flow
Even o'er the barren ground.

If He lead thee, if He guide,
Cease thy doubt, thy sorrows cease:
For thy course is sanctified,
And its end is joy and peace.

Past, Present, and Future.

By what a charm is life attended,
Led from activity to rest,
The past, the future, sweetly blended,
To make the present blest!

The memories of the time departed,
The hopes that light the days to come,
Life—busy, brief, and eager-hearted,
And death—a quiet home.

Yet, in its earthly course, the spirit
Through all creation's orbit flies,
And its expansive powers inherit
Two vast eternities,—

The eternity unrolled before us,
The volumes of recorded time;
The light of ages beaming o'er us,
Instructive and sublime:

And that eternity whose portal
Is opened by the book of truth,
Where man and virtue are immortal,
And wear immortal youth.

Virtue its own Reward.

Psalm xv.

In Thy bright tabernacle, God!
Who shall learn and teach Thy will?
And who shall make his blest abode,
Almighty! in Thy holy hill?

'Tis he who treads in virtue's ways,
'Tis he who does what's just and right,
'Tis he whom falsehood ne'er betrays—
Truth his devotion and delight.

He wills no harm, he does no wrong;
  His neighbour's interest is his own;
In honesty and honour strong:
  These are his guides, and these alone.

He with the godless never walks,
  For God is ever in his view;
His tongue of truth and virtue talks—
  His heart is truth and virtue too.

Generous and kind, disposed to lend—
  Ready to give and to forgive;
The poor man's hope—the poor man's friend
  He lives, and he shall ever live.

Life fleeting and vain.

On! on! our moments hurry by
  Like shadows of a passing cloud,
Till general darkness wraps the sky,
  And man sleeps senseless in his shroud.

He sports, he trifles time away,
  Till time is his to waste no more:
Heedless he hears the surges play,
  And then is dashed upon the shore.

He has no thought of coming days,
  Though they alone deserve his thought:
And so the heedless wanderer strays,
  And treasures nought, and gathers nought.

Though Wisdom speak—his ear is dull;
  Though Virtue smile—he sees her not;
His cup of vanity is full;
  And all besides forgone—forgot.

Loss of Friends.

In grief's deep solitude, we turn
  To Thee our God! and thence prefer
The prayers of those who, doomed to mourn,
  Seek comfort from the Comforter.

Teach us to feel that all is right,
  Since all is guided from above;
A father's hand could never smite
  But with a father's gentle love.

When friends depart—and hopeless woe
  The soul of sorrow seems to burst;
Father! to Thee, to Thee they go,
  To Thee, from whom they came at first.

And if on earth their lives were peace,
  Though earth's abode so darksome be;
How infinite their blessedness,
  Wafted to heav'n, to joy, to Thee!

Lessons of Time for Eternity.

Man is not left untold, untaught,
  Untrained by Heav'n to heavenly things;
No! ev'ry fleeting hour has brought
  Lessons of wisdom on its wings;
And ev'ry day bids solemn thought
  Soar above earth's imaginings.

In life, in death, a voice is heard,
  Speaking in Heaven's own eloquence,
That calls on purposes deferred,
  On wand'ring thought, on wildering sense,
And bids reflection, long interred,
  Arouse from its indifference.

The present, future, and the past,
  It offers to our thoughtless eye;
That present is too short to last—
  That past is gone for ever by;
That future comes—a stormy blast
  That sweeps us to eternity.

Worship.

Spirit of devotion, come!
Make and consecrate a home
In the hearts that now
Reverent and grateful meet
At the Almighty's altar-feet,
And adoring bow.

Purify those hearts within—
Shades of doubt and taints of sin
Purify and chase;
Let them 'neath Thine influence be,
O our God! for truth and Thee
Fit abiding place.

Thou—devotion's soul! inspire,
Hallowed thought and pure desire!
Of this mortal clod
Build an altar—rear a dome—
And a temple, and a home,
For the living God!

A Wise Man—builds upon a Rock.

He builds his house upon the sand,
  Who builds, great God! on aught but Thee!
He is a wanderer in the land,
Who seeks for any guiding hand
  But Thine—our best security.

He builds his house upon a rock,
  Who makes Thy word his hope and trust:
And flood and flame and tempest shock
In vain will rage,—they cannot rock
  The steadfast temple of the just.

So would I build—and dwell serene
  'Midst wrecks and storms—the mountain-base
Is not more firm. Time's busy scene
Shall glide along—till death's dark screen
  Be spread around our resting-place.

And then a day—a brighter day
  Shall dawn above the snowy hills,
That frown upon the grave. Away,
Away, despair!—Even now its ray
  The path of life with splendour fills.

Life in Death.

Dying is but a second birth,
In which the darksome coil of earth
Is shuffled off by mortal men—
And the freed spirit lives again.

The damp, uncomfortable tomb
Is only nature's second womb,
Where man in embryo sleeps, till born
A new existence to adorn.

To die in faith, is to begin
A journey freed from care and sin;
'Tis the first step to bliss—a bliss
Unthought of in a world like this.

To die in hope, is to receive
The brightest prize that Heaven can give;
To enter on a scene of joy
That time can damp not nor destroy.

Faith and Works.

Faith, untrained to works, is nought!
Idle are the soundest creeds;
Christian faith is holy thought—
Christian merit, righteous deeds.

If the purest doubting bow,
Struggling after heavenly bliss,
Shall the wretch converted *now*
Claim its joys as surely his?

As the growing tree takes root,
Springing, blooming, bearing; so
Do the leaves, the flowers, the fruit
In the soil of virtue grow.

Truth is gentle in its sway,
Calm and still its onward stream,
And the spark which shines to-day
Kindles a to-morrow's beam.

'Tis no torrent from a height,
'Tis no tempest's rugged shock,
'Tis no flash of fatal light
Scorching fields and blasting rock.

Soft its steps, and mild its mien,
As when twilight's urn above
Pours on earth's awakening scene
More and more of light and love.

Song of the Triumphant Christian.

My task of duty's done,
The glorious fight is won,
My course is finished—and I look on high:
And now, Almighty Lord!
I wait the great reward,
The crown of glory, which can never die.

The coronal of bliss,
Which now my portion is,
Thou hast laid up for ages in Thy care:
I see it green and bright,
With flowers of living light,
And stretch my eager hand and long to wear.

The intolerable chain
Of downward thoughts, in vain,
In vain would fetter me to mortal things:
I break away from earth,
Called to a nobler birth,
And I am borne aloft on faith's immortal wings.

"Truly this Man was the Son of God!"

"SURELY 'tis the Son of God!"
Thus the Roman soldier spoke
As the earth on which he trod
Trembled, and the lightnings broke
Through a mid-day darkness—when
Jesus on the cross His breath
Yielded up for mortal men,
Triumphing o'er sin and death.

"Surely 'tis the Son of God!"
Shall our grateful hearts repeat,
While along life's rugged road
Hopes, ineffable and sweet,
From that cross in glory beam:
In our grief, and gloom, and care,
Still our thoughts shall turn to *him*,
Gath'ring peace and comfort there.

The Resurrection.

HE lives! he lives! Let joy again
Take up its rest with ransomed men:
The grave is void—the victory his;
And his the glory—ours the bliss.

His tomb is bright with love and peace,
And gladness springs from face to face;
For he has freed us from the yoke,
And all death's heaviest fetters broke.

And doubts and darkness now are fled:
Ye mourners! mourn not for the dead;
The dead have triumphed. Come and see
The trophies of their victory.

That glorious victory all who bear
The privileged name of man may share.
'Tis ours! 'tis ours! Come, join to sing
The anthem of our conquering King.

Traveller's Hymn.

I WANDER through a foreign land,
And still Thy love is mine;
And, guided by Thy gracious hand,
I feel that I am Thine.

My soul rejoices, Lord! to know
I dwell beneath Thy care;
And wheresoe'er I chance to go,
The all-present Friend is there.

So let me ever, ever dwell,
As knowing Thou art nigh,
And see Thee, though invisible,
Where'er I turn my eye.

For this is wisdom—all the rest
Is scarcely worth a thought:
He with Thy presence, Lord! is blest,
Who seeks Thee as he ought.

And he who seeks Thee thus shall find,
Where'er his lot may be;
Thou art throughout all space enshrined,
And all eternity.

God over all.

Life and motion, breath, and being,
All by God are given;
He, all-guiding and all-seeing,
He, the Lord of Heaven,
Fashions at His will our lot,
Changing not and erring not.

Sometimes through a vale of sadness,
Dim and dark and fearful;
Sometimes o'er the plains of gladness,
Flowery, fresh, and cheerful;
Yet He ever is the same,
Love His attribute, His name.

All our various paths are tending
To one dormitory;
Death in common ruins blending
Poverty and glory:
O'er the grave the hills arise
Of the eternal paradise.

Hymn.

Isaiah lxvi.

The heaven's my throne, saith the Lord our God,
Although my feet the earth have prest;
But where have I built my own abode,
And where is the place of my rest?

The world is the work of my own right hand;
The things that were, the things that are,
And the things that shall be, I command,
While I sit in my strength afar.

I look from the height of my glory-shrine,
And laugh at human pomp and pride:
While I bid the smile of blessing shine
On the lowliest valley's side.

My spirit shall dwell in the poor man's home,
His peace, his hope, his joy shall be,
And a dawn of bliss from days to come
Be bright with eternity.

God always nigh.

Our God is nigh;
He watches all we think or do:
Rolls o'er all time His penetrating eye,
And tracks the round our steps pursue.

By night, by day,
Waking or sleeping—o'er the sea,
Up to the heaven—where'er thou take thy way,
Down to the grave—He follows thee.

Thou canst not hide
From Him thy weakness or thy strength;
His guardian angel tarries at thy side,
And guides thee to thy home at length.

The joys, the cares
Which crowd our earthly being here,
He portions in His wisdom, and forbears
When heavier than our strength can bear.

All we possess
Is His—and all we hope for, His;
Pilgrims of earth, His holy name we bless,
And look to Heaven for peace and bliss.

Value of Time.

THE days of mortal man
  Are vain, and swiftly gone;
Yet virtuous thoughts and deeds
  May hallow ev'ry one;
    There's not a day
    Or hour but brings
    Or truth or joy
    Upon its wings.

We waste our fleeting lives,
  Indifferent to the thought
That our eternal fate
  In this brief scene is wrought:
    The hours of earth
    Contain the doom—
    The awful doom—
    Of time to come.

Then let us lose no more
  The precious moments giv'n
To pilgrims of the earth
  To light their way to heav'n:
    But sanctify
    Such hours as this,
    And fit our souls
    For heav'nly bliss.

"This Mortal shall put on Immortality."

When shall mortal man be crowned,
Crowned with immortality?
Shadows here our path surround;
Nothing is reality.
Mists and darkness cover us—
When shall they disperse?
Waves and storms roll over us—
O'er the universe.

Scenes like these shall pass away,
Brighter scenes succeeding them;
Angels bring a cloudless day,
Joy and promise leading them.
Then shall heaven's reality
All its glories shed—
Then shall immortality
Gather round our head.

Praise.

With th' angelic armies, we
Bow the head and bend the knee;
Ever singing praise to Thee,
Singing praise to Thee alone.
Round Thy throne when we appear,
Hear our mingled voices, hear,
Everlasting One!

Thou art far beyond the reach
Of all thought, or song, or speech;
Yet 'tis thus we learn and teach
How to love Thee more and more.
'Tis a privilege high and great
To approach Thy holy seat,
Humbly to adore.

Thus adoring, we would try
(Feebly and unworthily)
From Thy glory-fount on high
Some faint rays of light to steal.
God and Father! grant the ray
To illume our earthly way,
And Thy laws reveal.

Funeral Hymn.

We stand upon the grave, but thou
Hast passed its awful portal now:
We daily die. Heaven gives to thee
A life of immortality.

Sleep on in peace; for now in vain
Would woe disturb thy peace again;
And thou art landed on the shore
Where sorrow's billows break no more.

We follow thee. Thy course was fleet,
And fleet is ours—thy rest is sweet,
As ours shall be. Make haste, prepare
A pillow for thy followers there.

While wandering here, our heart shall keep
Thy memory in its mansions deep;
And when that mansion shall decay,
'Twill mingle with thy holy clay.

And He who wept His friend, as we
Weep ours, shall our Redeemer be,
And wake us in that morn which brings
Eternity upon its wings.

Adversity salutary.

Both joy and sorrow come from Thee,
Who in our life's variety
  Dost good with seeming evil blend:
Thou wakest peace from suffering,
And sadness and affliction bring
  Sweet hope and blessing in the end.

The cloud may sometimes hide Thy hand,
And o'er the course which Thou hast planned
  Thick mists and midnight darkness rest;
Yet Thou dost take Thine onward way,
Dispensing light and wakening day,
  And blessing all as Thou art blest.

Adversity refines the soul,
Opens the watercourse where roll
The waves of after-joy. It sweeps
The earth's defilements as it flows,
And smooths the grave for sweet repose,
Where the world-wearied pilgrim sleeps.

Comfort in God's Goodness.

He who in nature's desolate distress
Hath felt his helplessness,
And, looking out for comfort all around,
No single ray has found,
Till he hath turned to Heaven his earnest prayer,
And sought, nor sought in vain, for comfort there;—

He only knows how blessèd a relief
Heaven keeps for human grief;
He only feels how woe is sanctified
When most severely tried;
And gathers from its sternest discipline
Hopes beyond earth, and joys almost divine.

In all the sorrows that o'erwhelm us here
God's kindness and His care
Are ever beaming brightly. Good for man
The end of every plan
And every purpose. Woe, in scenes like this,
Moves through vicissitude to perfect bliss.

Felix trembled.

When the great Apostle spoke
To Judea's tyrant lord,
Felix trembled as he woke
Conscience, with his awful word.

When he told of fraud and wrong,
Sin and shame and judgment near,
Felix trembled as his tongue
Laid the cherished vices bare.

When he reasoned thus—"Canst thou
Judgment shun, who shunn'st not crime?"
Felix trembling cried, "Not now;
Wait a more convenient time!"

Did that season ever come?
No! his heart was seared and steeled;
No! death sped the sinner home,
Unrepenting—unannealed.

There is *no* convenient time
In the future. Now—to-day,
You may wake, may conquer crime;
But, alas! to-morrow—nay!

"Whether living or dying, we are Thine."

To Thee alone we live,
To Thee alone we die;
Do Thou, O Lord! Thy spirit give,
Both life and death to sanctify.

The busy march of time,
And death's unbroken sleep,
Vouch for Thy purposes sublime,
And all Thy holy mandates keep.

Thine eye is never closed:
The present, future, past,
But act the parts Thou hast proposed,
All leading on to bliss at last.

The world in love began,
Through love its mazes tend,
And change but leads immortal man
To an unchanging, joyful end.

Lord! let us live to Thee,
And, dying, let us hear
The welcome of eternity,
And heav'n's sweet anthems echoing near.

"Thy Will be done."

LORD! to Thy holy will I bow me,
In infantine simplicity;
O lead me, Father! nor allow me
To wander e'en a step from Thee;
For all Thy will, when understood,
Is infinitely wise and good.

And if sometimes affliction cloud it,
And darkness gather round Thy way,
The mists which veil, the glooms which shroud it,
Will brighten into light and day,
And manifest Thy love the more,
As stars earth's midnight shining o'er.

Tempests and vapours, clouds and twilight,
Thy present purposes fulfil,
Till heaven's serene, undying daylight
Bursts on the world—it waits Thy will:
Till then we wait. Do Thou control,
While we obey, and ages roll.

"That They also may be One in Us."

From house to house the apostles went,
With arms of truth and words of power,
By their great Master trained and sent,
His own beatitude to shower
Around them—wheresoe'er they trod—
The spirit and the might of God.

Distress, disease, and discontent,
And ignorance, and fear, and vice,
Fled from their path, and virtue lent
Its influence to the sacrifice
Of all the world deems good, to claim
A heritage of woe and shame.

We follow in their steps; the light
Which filled their hearts and led their way
Now beams on us, as fair and bright
As once on them; and we, as they,
May onward guide and onward go—
Torches to cheer this vale below.

Then to our labour, for the night
Is coming, and the evening wanes,
And death will blast, and time will blight,
Our noblest hopes, our wisest plans.
Life is a web—a shade—a breath—
And there's long solitude in death.

"I will not leave You comfortless."

"I WILL not leave you comfortless:"
So the benignant Saviour said;
No! still He loves to cheer and bless,
And, round His faithful followers' head,
Streams of eternal light to shed.

To Him in sorrow's hour I'll go,
And those sweet words of peace recall,
To heal my wounds, to soothe my woe:
Like honeyed balsam they will fall,
And chase all earthly misery—all.

"I will not leave you comfortless:"
With thoughts like these the soul may rest,
And smile, unsaddened by distress,
And still the agitated breast,
And feel that pain itself is blest.

Lines addressed to E. B.

IN this busy world, where the trial and test
Is to do what we can,—ever doing our best;
We may think of that teacher, the best of the good,
Whose sweetest reward was, "She did what she could."

Solitude.

"He was there alone," when even
Had round earth its mantle thrown,
Holding intercourse with heaven:
"He was there alone."

There His inmost heart's emotion
Made He to his Father known;
In the spirit of devotion
Musing there alone.

So let us, from earth retiring,
Seek *our* God and Father's throne,
And, to other scenes aspiring,
Train our hearts, alone.

Thus, when time its course hath ended,
And the joys of earth are flown,
We, by hope and bliss attended,
Shall not be alone.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

A.

PAGE

Abstraction from all thought, all care, all love . . . 56
A house to God the Monarch built 6
Am I lonely? No! with God 141
Ancient of Ages! humbly bent before Thee 149
And time rolls on! time charged with the redressing . . 6
Are we not from God descended 139
As gentle children fondly press 142
As planets round the central sun 44
As when the deluge waves were gone 64
A thousand, thousand changing things 138
Await not with dismay 59

B.

Beyond the immeasurable space 20
Blessed, blessed are the dead 133
Both joy and sorrow come from Thee 189
Bow down thine ear, Almighty One 116
By what a charm is life attended 171

C.

Can a vast interest veil a monstrous curse 25
Christ is risen and death subdued 107

PAGE

Christ is risen from the dead—he is risen 56
Clay of our departed brother 149
Clay to clay, and dust to dust 94
Close the Sabbath day in joy 152
Come thy kingdom! of all blessings 15
Come to the waters ye who thirst 97
Come, ye blessed of my Father 108
Could I mount on seraph's wing 131
Creator and Preserver, God 119

D.

Devotion's hour is swiftly past 167
Dying is but second birth 178

E.

Earth's transitory things decay 81
Earth throws down her funeral robe 162
Ever present in thy sight 16

F.

Faith, untrained to works, is naught 178
Father and Friend! thy light, thy love 75
Father! glorify Thy name 140
Father, I bend before thy sacred shrine 30
Father! thy paternal care 65
Father! whose benignant ear 133
Fear not, faint not, though thou stray 171
For whom but Thee, to whom but Thee 100
From hollowest things the harshest noises 48
From house to house the apostles went 194
From the recesses of a lowly spirit 71
From the sacred banks, where Ganges 46

G.

PAGE
God is love ! His mercy brightens 109
Grandest of heritages, to be taught 17

H.

Happy hour in which I rise 164
Have ye never heard His voice 96
Have ye not seen? have ye not heard 13
Hear my cry, O God ! attend 106
Heaven's great triad still abideth 57
He builds his house upon the sand 177
He in heaven who ever liveth 122
He is not here—He is not here 119
He lives ! he lives ! Let joy again 181
He was there alone, when even 196
He wept, as He approached the place 143
He who in nature's desolate distress 190
He who walks in virtue's way 72
How much the uncharitable leaven 24
How shall we praise Thee, Lord of light 66
How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound 66

I.

If all our hopes and all our fears 80
If I aught possess, 'tis Thine 158
If in the vast material world 1
If the hours of life are fleeting 49
If to deny that God hath cursed the child 51
If we may breathe a prayer to Thee 120
I heard a voice which sweetly said 118
I know not why a well-trained mind 23
I'll trust my future fate to Thee 138
In grief's deep solitude we turn 174
In our unreason and unrest 37
In the apocalypse sublime 3

PAGE

In the Cross of Christ I glory 126
In the spirit of devotion 106
In this busy world, where the trial and test 195
In Thy bright tabernacle, God 172
I saw, and gladness through my heart's folds ran . . . 97
Is it not death to summon all 30
Is it not strange that men who loudest boast 52
Is life a stormy, painful road 90
I wander through a foreign land 182
I will not leave you comfortless 195

J.

Jesus lives, and we in him 87

K.

Keep the unity of spirit 12
Kind Father of the human race 48
Know the minutest grain of sand 24

L.

Lead me through this rugged way 89
Lead us with Thy gentle sway 155
Let Thy gracious spirit reach us 114
Let Thy servant now depart 104
Life and motion, breath and being 183
Like morning dew 19
Little by little groping through 12
Lo! he comes, the Lord of glory 165
Long had the darkness of ages surrounded 154
Look to Jesus—sufferings gather 58
Lord! I believe: but if a doubt 110
Lord, in the unbeginning years 76
Lord! to live, to die to Thee 145
Lord! to Thy holy will I bow me 193

M.

PAGE
Man is not left untold, untaught 175
Man is not wholly vile though he 60
Mark the virtuous man, and see 101
My earliest thought be turned to Him 151
My task of duty's done 180
My times are in Thy hand, and Thou 135
My wife! my children! when death's hour is come . . 9

N.

Not a broken, brief obedience 121
Not in shifting undulations 40
Not with terror do we meet 77
Now tell me what is chivalry 46
Now the sun is sinking fast 86

O.

O could our art or our desire 121
O garland not the worthless weeds 42
Ohne hast und ohne Rast 38
O how wise that God hath hidden 160
Oh! sweet it is to know, to feel 84
O humble thy heart in His sight 29
O let my trembling soul be still 83
O my soul! a few short moments 161
One and universal Father 63
One! One! One! art Thou 127
On light beams flowing from above 4
On! on! our moments hurry by 173
Onward! forward! upward! heavenward 18
O sweet and sacred is the rest 112
O there are hours so dark and dull 115
O the world is full of woe 28
O Thou high and Holy One! 163
O Thou! whose smiling face of light 91
Our God is nigh 185
Our lives are into cycles cast 11

PAGE
Ours is a lovely world! Where'er 110
O what a strange, a fearful strife 126

P.

Passing Berytus' ancient strand 53
Peace, my soul! why doubt or fear 89
Peace with God, through Christ our Lord 10
Pure and undefiled religion 132

R.

Rejoice with trembling! yet rejoice 4
Reviving sleep! thy sheltering wing 84
Round us, o'er us, is there aught 156
Rouse thee, O my spirit, rouse thee 103

S.

Short is the reign of summer flow'rs 113
Sing no more the song of Moses 62
Sing! sing! ye ransomed mortals, sing 136
Spirit of devotion, come 176
Spring is but another birth 61
Strange faith! strange fancy! that can revel 53
Surely 'tis the Son of God 181

T.

Teach us to pray! attentive at His word 22
That Christ who o'er His Lazarus wept 14
The age for damning, dogmatizing creeds 7
The blank, exhausting pleasure leaves 170
The days of mortal man 186
The earth, and all the earth contains 129
The Gospel is preached to the poor 123
The heavenly spheres to Thee, O God! attune their evening hymn 78
The heaven's my throne, saith the Lord our God . . . 184
The hymn of praise, the breath of prayer 157
Their labours are ended, their duty is o'er 150
The life of Christ!—that loveliest book 47

PAGE

The minstrel harp of Poetry 8
The multifarious blessings Heaven has given 22
The offerings to Thy throne which rise 67
The old have had their days of hope 29
There are no hours so sweet as those 168
There is no terror in the grave 146
There's good in all the various changes 142
There's no retreat from sin—no spot 111
The restless—restless sea 45
There was a day in ancient time 42
The secret—nay, the silent prayer 166
The strong and sovran links that bind 35
The summer was made by Thee 35
They are not gone—whom death's dark shroud . . . 98
Thou, and Thou alone, canst tell 90
Thou art my God, and Thou alone 102
Though laurel crowns and victor wreaths 158
Though the stream of being floweth 99
Thou, whose high praise in heaven and earth is sung . . 69
Thy will be done! In devious way 103
"'Tis finished!" the Redeemer said 148
'Tis God the Creator whose mercy hath given . . . 159
'Tis not the gift—but 'tis the spirit 128
'Tis the same great all-influencing Cause 21
To labour is to pray—a truth 39
To Thee alone we live 192

U.

Under the canopy of holy thought 5
Undivided Unity 50
Upon the Gospel's sacred page 79

W.

Wake, slumberer, wake! repent, repent! 105
Watchman! tell us of the night 124
Welcome the hour of sweet repose 93
We stand upon the grave, but thou 188

PAGE

We walk by faith, and not by sight 123
We walked in darkness, but at last 117
What is our duty here? to tend 85
What is the future of mankind 32
What is truth? said Pilate, groping 16
What need we care for when or where 44
When before thy throne we kneel 82
When first the Almighty Father's thought 86
When my days have told their number 153
When shall mortal man be crowned 187
When the arousing call of Morn 92
When the great Apostle spoke 191
When the storms of sorrow gather 100
When wakened by Thy voice of power 68
Where is thy sting, O Death 134
Where? Tell me what shall be the spot 40
Where'er the foot of man hath trod 130
While through life's tangled paths you rove 26
Whither, whither shall we go? 125
Who is my Christian brother linked with me 52
Why is the voice of wisdom hushed 49
Why should dreams so dark and dreary 73
With gentle words and gracious look 27
With th' angelic armies, we 187

Y.

Ye gently-falling dews! whose mist 144
Yes! hopeful—trustful—onward ever 34
Yes! soon away shall death's deep slumber roll . . . 147
Yes! Thou art with me, and with Thee 137
You tell me Adam fell,—he fell 43

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